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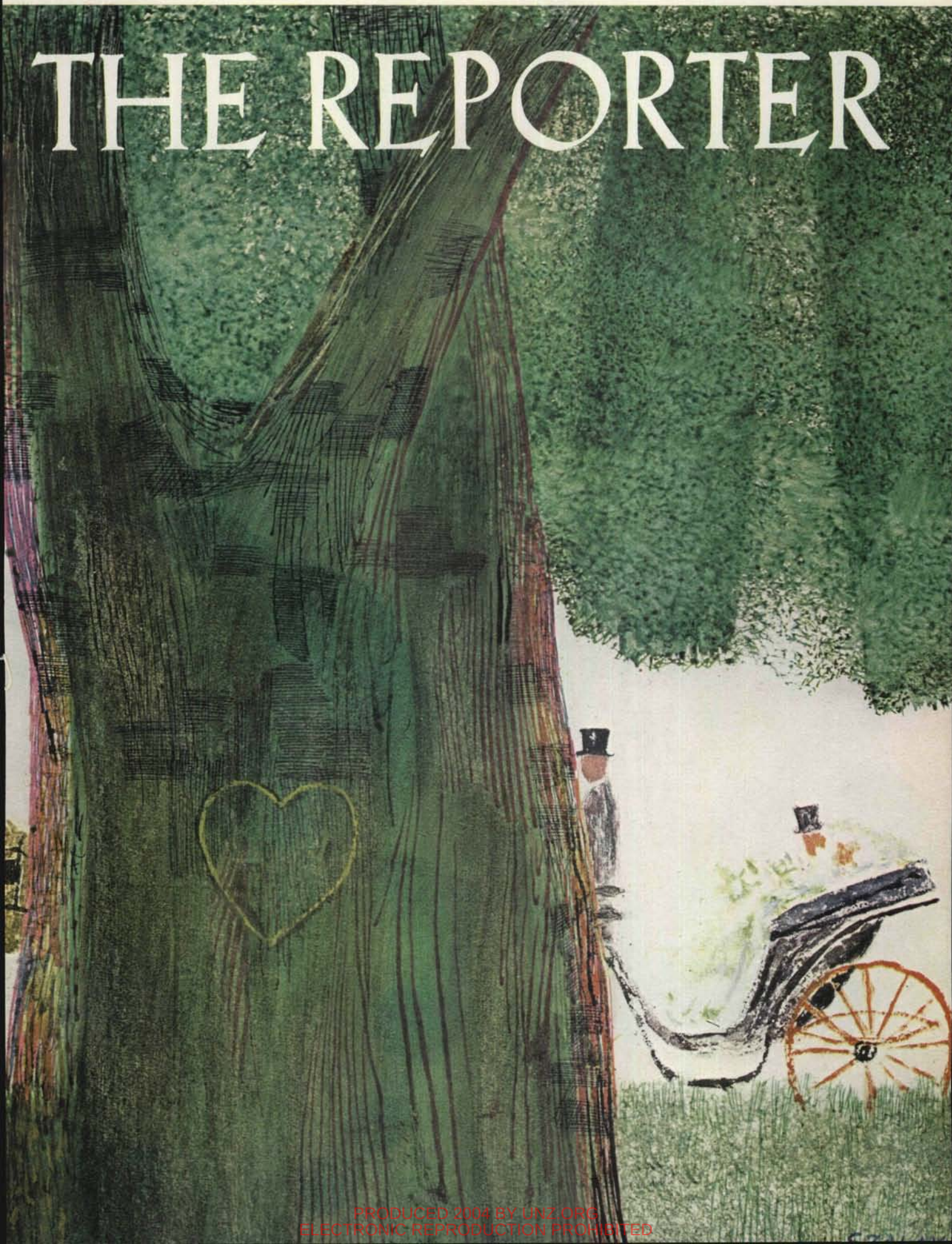

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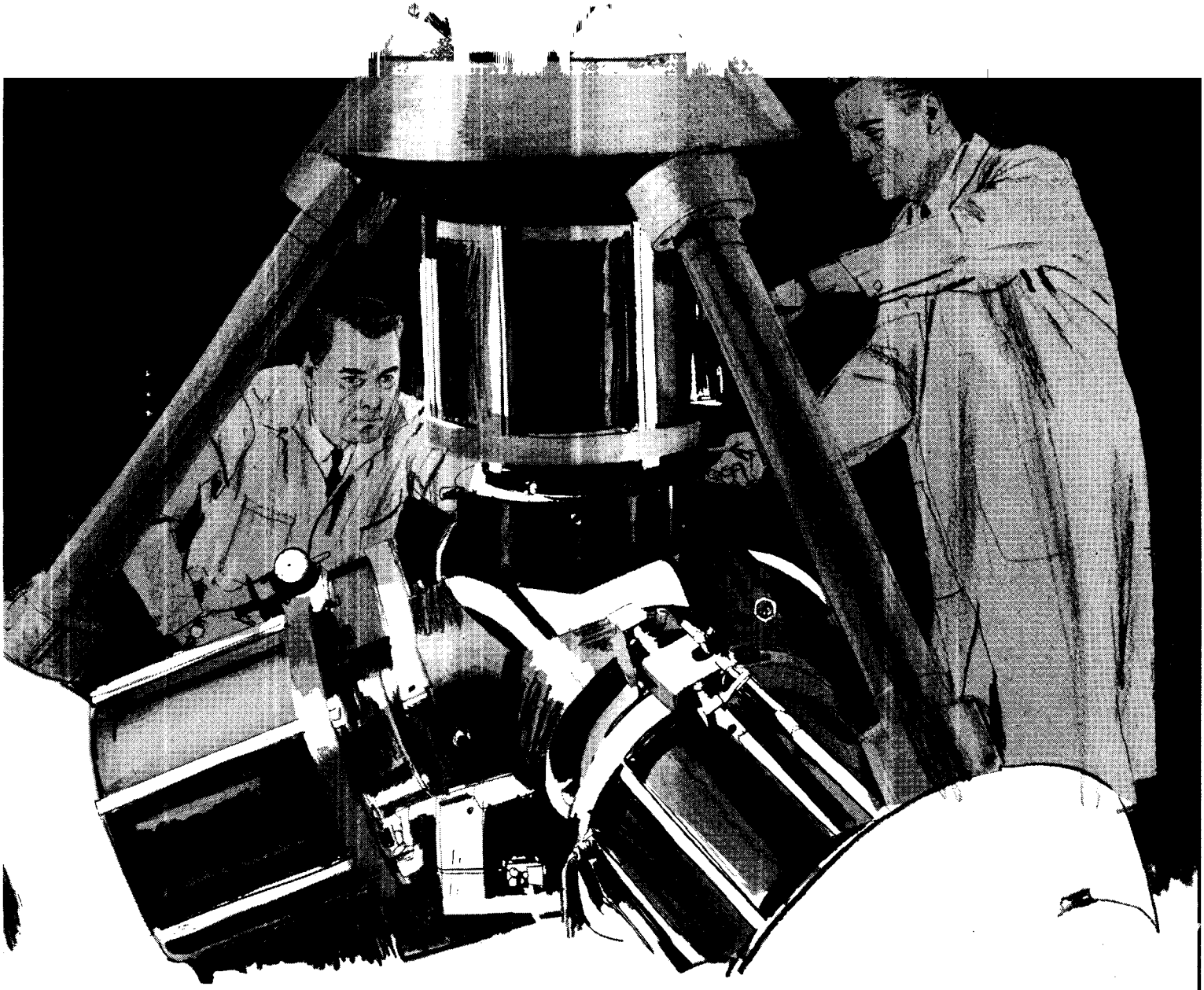

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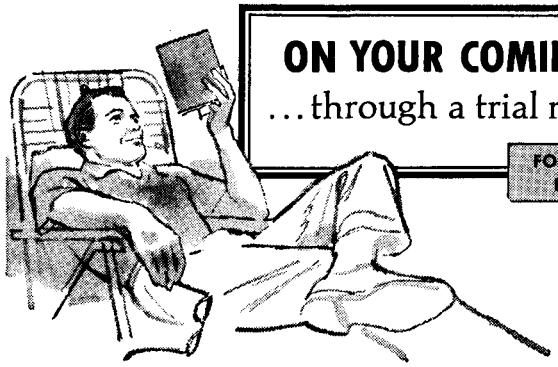

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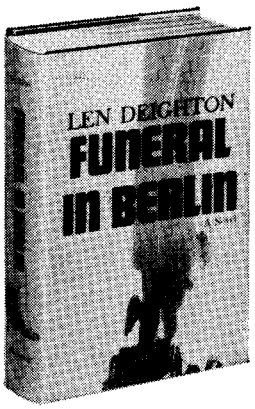

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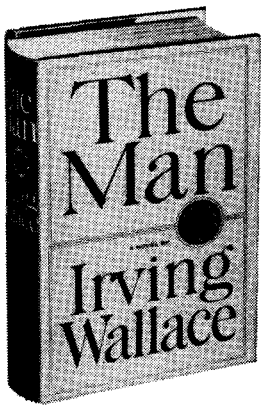

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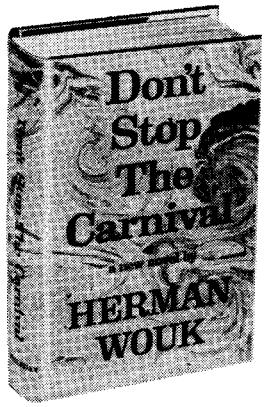

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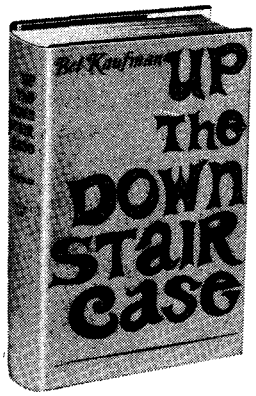

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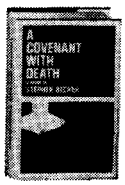

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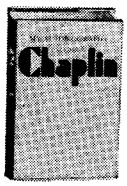

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VOLUME 32, NO. 12 **JUNE 17, 1965**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 10

TRYING TIMES—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 14

Housing the Nation's Poor

THE LONG TRIAL OF PUBLIC HOUSING . . . . . *Elizabeth Brenner Drew* 15

NEW YORK TRIES A NEW APPROACH . . . . . *Thomas C. Wheeler* 18

At Home & Abroad

MOROCCO'S TROUBLED YOUNG KING . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 21

THE CASE FOR MAN IN SPACE . . . . . *S. Fred Singer* 25

SANTO DOMINGO'S ACTIVIST ADVENTURERS . . . . . *Max Clos* 29

THAILAND: PEKING'S NEW FRONT . . . . . *Denis Warner* 32

Views & Reviews

EAST INDIAN, WEST INDIAN . . . . . *V. S. Naipaul* 35

COUP COUP (DRAWING) . . . . . *Fernando Krahn* 38

Books:

PILLARS OF ICE . . . . . *Gordon Craig* 39

ALIENATION VS. INVOLVEMENT . . . . . *Peter Filene* 40

THE CRITICS' CRITIC . . . . . *Frederic V. Grunfeld* 43

JUST PLAIN JIM, COMMERCIAL CASSIDY . . . . . *Walker Stuart* 46

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 45

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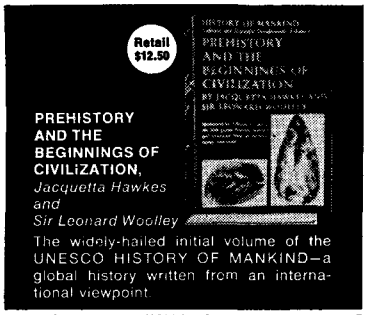

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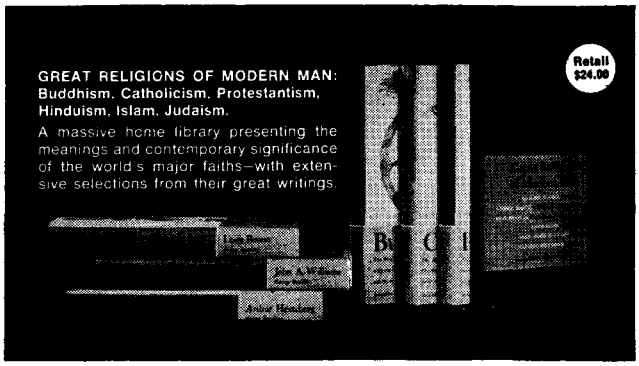

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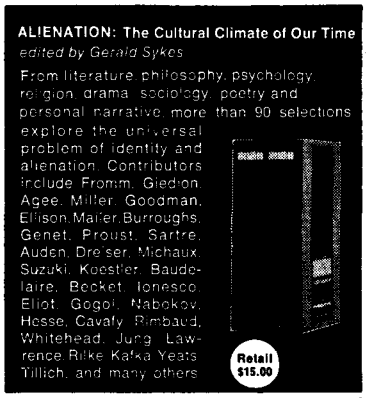

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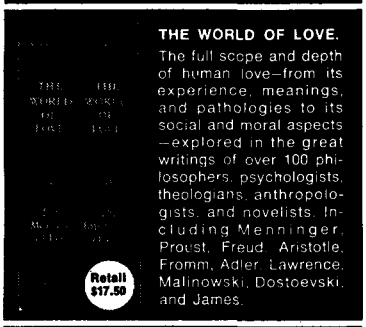

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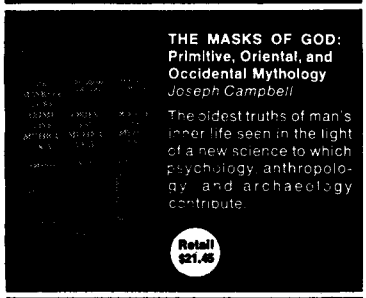

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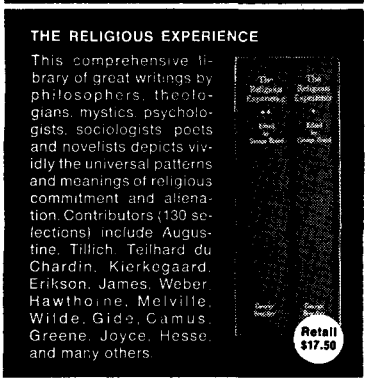

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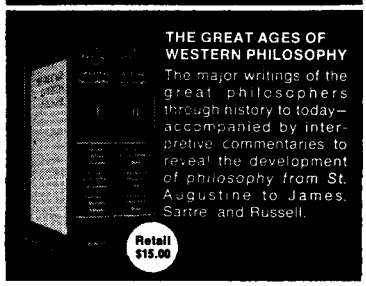

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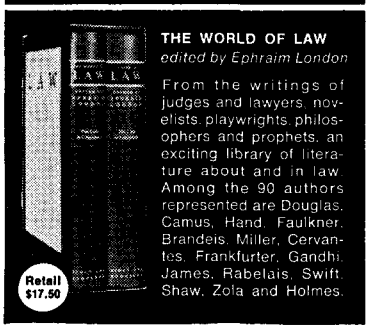

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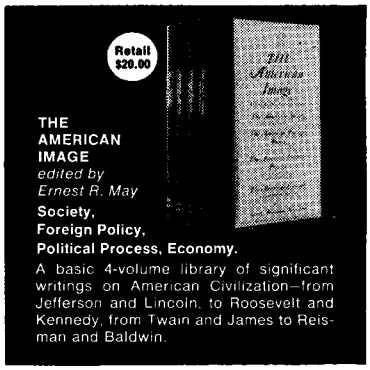

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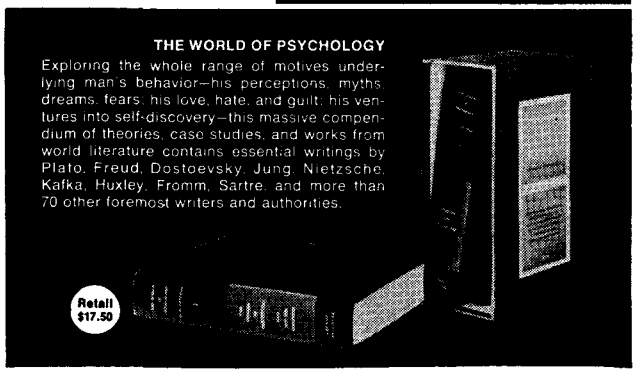

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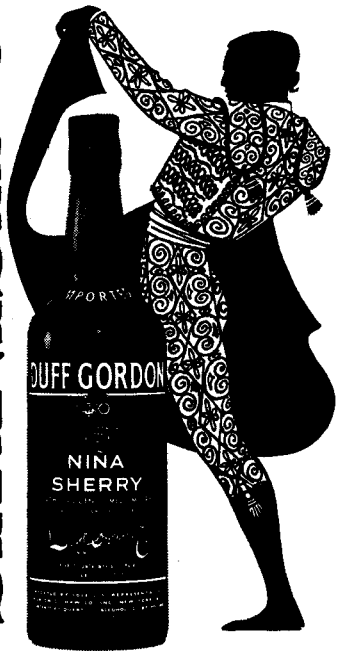

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ASIDE from their obvious military and diplomatic aspects, the Vietnamese and Dominican situations have a great relevance to public opinion at home and to the attitudes of vocal groups of citizens towards the President. **Max Ascoli** takes a first look at the causes of it all and how people who were ardently for Johnson and against Goldwater have become highly critical of the President.

Almost thirty years have passed since President Roosevelt called attention to the "one-third of a nation ill-housed" and provided the impetus for a Federal program of public housing. Today, the Johnson administration—so Rooseveltian in many respects—is still facing the problem with machinery inherited from the New Deal days and maintained with varying degrees of enthusiasm by succeeding administrations. The fact that these methods are no longer adequate to meet the need helps to explain some of the controversial new measures proposed in the administration housing bill now before Congress, **Elizabeth Brenner Drew** reports from Washington. . . . While the record of public housing across the nation is a mixed one, some local initiatives involving official agencies as well as foundations and civic organizations have injected new concepts into the design of buildings to house the needy. New York City's innovations are described by **Thomas C. Wheeler,** a free-lance writer who is the editor of *A Vanishing America, The Life and Times of the Small Town,* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1964).

FROM Communist-line Algeria, about which she wrote in our last issue, **Claire Sterling** went to the pro-western Kingdom of Morocco. The contrast between the rigidity of Ben Bella's socialist state and the first paraphernalia of democracy encouraged by the young Moroccan ruler is sharp, but both countries share a dependence on France, the colonial power from which they sought to be free, and both are having difficulties running the enterprises abandoned by the Europeans they drove out. . . . In an increasingly automated world, the achievements of our astronauts restore a measure of the heroic to man. The scientific debate on the usefulness of manned exploration of space, however, grows more heated. **S. Fred Singer,** dean of the School of Environmental and Planetary Sciences at the University of Miami, in Florida, tells why he believes instruments can not replace men at this stage of the art. . . . **Max Clos,** a special correspondent for *Le Figaro* of Paris, relates the story of a group of "fighters for the sake of fighting" who are key men in the Dominican rebel command. . . . There are disquieting similarities between the situation in Thailand today and that of South Vietnam in 1959. The Bangkok government, aided by the United States, has mounted a commendable effort to prevent Communist subversion from passing to the stage of insurgency, but Communist activity, particularly in the northeastern region, has been increasing, according to **Denis Warner,** who has visited the country regularly over the past twelve years.

A SEMANTIC LEGACY of the British empire is that we still connect "colonials" with the solar topee and dressing for dinner in the bush. Yet from antiquity all civilizations have had their colonials. **V. S. Naipaul** tells what it is like to be an Indian born in Trinidad—a special kind of colonial. Mr. Naipaul has won the Hawthornden prize, the Somerset Maugham, Phoenix Trust, and Llewellyn Rhys awards; among his books are *Middle Passage* and, this spring, an account of his first visit to India titled *An Area of Darkness* (both Macmillan). . . . Our regular Chilean commentator, **Fernando Krahn,** is in a bitter mood. . . . Because of its influence on the outcome of the Second World War, the obstinate combat between Germans and Russians will long be a subject for analysis and description. **Gordon Craig** surveys two recent popular appraisals. He is the author of *Politics of the Prussian Army* (Oxford), *From Bismarck to Adenauer: Aspects of German Statecraft* (Johns Hopkins), *Europe Since 1815* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), and *The Battle of Königgrätz: Prussia's Victory Over Austria, 1866* (Lippincott). Professor Craig teaches at Stanford University. . . . **Peter Filene** is doing post-doctoral research at Harvard. . . . **Frederic V. Grunfeld,** who writes regularly for us on musical matters, is living in Mallorca. . . . **Walker Stuart** is a New York motion-picture director.

Our seasonal cover is by **Lajos Szalay.**

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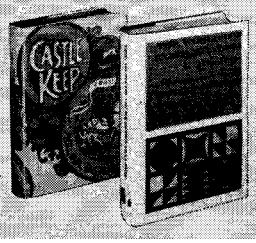

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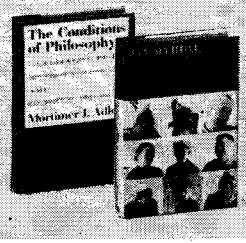

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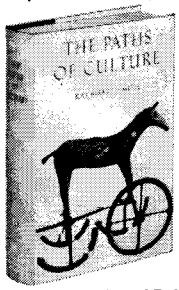

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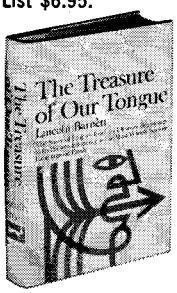

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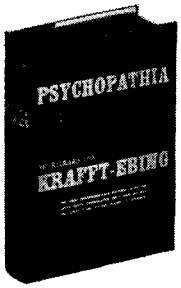

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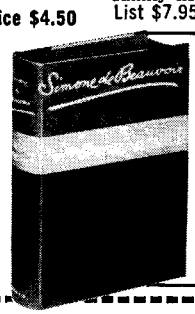

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CORRESPONDENCE

DAG HAMMARSKJOLD

To the Editor: "On Reading Hammarskjöld" (*The Reporter,* May 20) is perfectly magnificent. I have read it three times and pondered over a number of its sentences and paragraphs repeatedly. It is the best interpretation of the man and of *Markings* that has been published. You have done a great service to the proper understanding of the man and to the cause or causes that he espoused through your article.

ANDREW W. CORDIER, Dean
School of International Affairs
Columbia University
New York

To the Editor: Your review of Dag Hammarskjöld's *Markings* deserves a place on the same shelf with *Markings.* It is the only review I have seen which illuminates and affirms the reality with which Hammarskjöld was concerned—that in the awful conjunction of a life and the faith a man must find the way God offers in the loneliness of being a man.

WENDELL PEABODY
Boise, Idaho

To the Editor: Comments on and reviews of Dag Hammarskjöld's *Markings* usually reveal much more about the reviewer than the book. It has been quite clear from some of the reviews that they may as well have sent the sports editor to Horowitz's return concert. All regular readers of *The Reporter* have been aware of your penetrating judgment about the signs of our times. But what has impressed me most—even when I temporarily dislike the trends on the editorial page—is your deep understanding of the roots of western man: an understanding that appeared like a glimmer in your selections from Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* is now a bright light in the paraphrase "commentary" on Hammarskjöld. Hammarskjöld, that lonely man in life, shortly after death seems to have succeeded in gathering some true companions for his way.

RUSTUM ROY, Director
Materials Research Laboratory
Pennsylvania State University

To the Editor: I cannot begin to thank you enough. I have read you, alternately praising and damning, ever since *The Power of Freedom.* This review is by far your best work. In it you have captured the spirit of Hammarskjöld—and of Christ.

LOUIS S. CANNON
San Jose, California

L.B.J. AND SANTO DOMINGO

To the Editor: How to tell you the relief I felt when I read your May 20 issue? I had been absolutely dismayed with the lack of objectivity displayed by some critics of U.S. policy in Vietnam and Santo Domingo, as reported in the newspaper account of the "teach-in" debate and at the TV program *Meet the Press.* At last I found in your magazine, and in *Newsweek,* a truly *liberal* attitude, meaning a sincere effort to present the reader with an unbiased view of the complex problem. I specially appreciated your editorial and Adolf A. Berle's article.

I assume that you will receive many letters against your position. The purpose of mine is to impress the fact that the people who shout the loudest do not necessary make the majority.

ARMAND A. LERESCHE
McLean, Virginia

To the Editor: What has become of the Max Ascoli who used to give us searching critiques of administration policies and actions? In the face of repeated disasters in foreign policy, Mr. Ascoli has refused to find fault with the President. Having run out of words in defense of the President's policies, with "Our No-Nonsense President" (*The Reporter,* May 20), you now give us an appreciation of the Johnson personality.

We are told that the President "exhibits a supreme sense of personal responsibility" and does not hesitate to make even the most difficult decisions. But no one is claiming that the President is failing to make decisions. . . .

Perhaps it is too much to ask that *The Reporter* change its editorial policies. May I at least suggest that it is the obligation of a responsible periodical to examine the decision-making process —with special emphasis upon the quality of information and the breadth of advice that goes into this process?

WILLIAM FOOTE WHYTE
Cornell University

To the Editor: What all the Monday morning second-guessing critics of the administration policy in the Dominican crisis overlook is a most important and meaningful result of our intervention; more than sixty-five hundred lives were saved from butchery by the Communist-infiltrated rebels. Many of those saved were nationals of other countries, particularly of France. Yet de Gaulle has been our most vocal critic. May I suggest that our President acted not only on reliable information given him by State Department officials, but in keeping with the moral foundations of our democracy?

ABE SHEFFERMAN
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: Adolf A. Berle's summary of our posture in the Dominican Republic merits top marks for style, content, and concept. At the outset, Mr. Berle fills in the necessary background with simple eloquence and in very few words. In the process he uses words carefully and often kindly. Juan Bosch, whom he characterizes as "having found trouble in managing affairs of state" was actually an increasing national dis-

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aster. Like other distinguished exiles Bosch demonstrated that exiles often fail to possess adminstrative or executive ability.

Mr. Berle addresses himself to his main thesis with a quiet style, and the elegance of simplicity. His arguments are sound, logically presented, and easy to follow.

Since his conclusions agree essentially with mine, I will admit that it was especially happy reading for me. But, whether the reader agrees with the reasoning or not, he must agree that a complicated subject matter was covered extraordinarily well.

CLARENCE W. MOORE, Publisher
The Times of Havana (in exile)
Miami, Florida

82nd AIRBORNE

To the Editor: In George Bailey's "The Russian at Reims" (*The Reporter*, May 20), in that line which reads "They (the negotiations) took place on May 1 in a red-brick church in Nijmegen in southeastern Holland, which had been recently captured by the Canadians. . . ." he snaps his finger at history. On September 17, 1944, the U.S. 82nd Airborne Division arrived in Nijmegen by parachute and glider to stay in front-line positions for fifty-eight days (until November 13, 1944). They were relieved by the Canadians. The 82nd buried 504 at Mook, and the University of Nijmegen remembers them in a wall plaque. It was a fine piece, otherwise.

COL. BARNEY OLDFIELD, USAF (Ret.)
Beverly Hills, California

MOTORING IN BRITAIN

To the Editor: After reading Derek Morgan's "When the Cows Come Home" (*The Reporter*, May 20), I realized that, unbeknown to us, this illustrious gentleman must have been sitting on the back seat of the Volkswagen we rented last summer for our five-week motor tour of Britain. He must have seen the enormous quantities of fruit gums and other assorted candies that I consumed in the state of nervous anxiety watching my husband drive on the wrong side of those beautiful winding roads, which did appear to run through every hamlet. He failed to notice, however, that in some areas of the country, notably Devon, these roads, inexplicably, lead to back yards of lavish homes and then vanish completely from sight, as we discovered when we were discreetly shown the gate, on more than one occasion, by the "natives."

How could he have failed to note the Englishman's complete loss of his inhibitions and his senses as he tears down the few motorways to which he does have access.

This article will be handed out as supplementary reading to those of our captive friends who express disbelief on seeing the films we took of these "ancient cow paths."

RUTH SCHEFFLAN
New York

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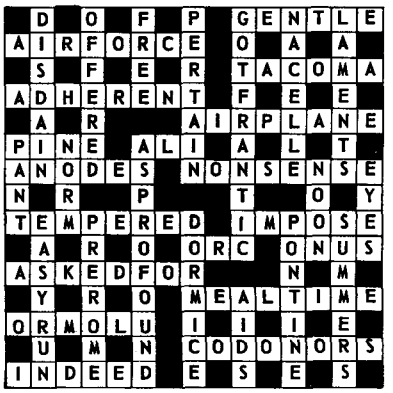

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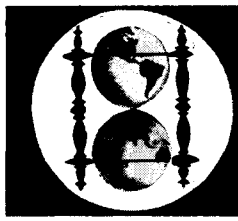

Zulu Limbo

Until now, a refugee seeking political asylum in this country has had to establish a previous personal record of political opposition which assures "physical persecution" if he returns. At hearings held in April by the Immigration and Naturalization Service on the deportation case of five "Zulu dancers" from South Africa, Rowland Watts, president of the Workers Defense League and one of the lawyers for the Africans, argued that "physical persecution can be dealt through repressive legislation that affects a whole group or class of people." The government trial attorney declared that it was "not the present desire" of the United States to enforce the Africans' departure—but that the Immigration Service could not grant asylum until it received a State Department ruling on whether South Africa's apartheid laws constitute "physical persecution."

The five men had entered the United States in February, 1964, along with seventeen other South Africans, all with special visas allowing them to appear in Alan Paton's play, *Sponono*. When after two weeks the play folded, their manager found work for them as "Zulu dancers" at the African Pavilion of the World's Fair. At the expiration of their visas in September, eleven of the twenty-two decided that they could not go back. Five managed to obtain student visas; one married an American girl; the other five were confronted with deportation proceedings.

The defense lawyers did not lack for evidence that in South Africa you need only be black to insure "physical persecution." They presented eighteen documentary exhibits supplied by such sources as the International Commission of Jurists and United Nations committees demonstrating that apartheid denies freedom of movement, speech, education, ownership, political franchise, and a long list of other human rights.

Throughout the proceedings in April, the Africans sat impassively. Afterwards, one explained, "I got it all right when they said they weren't going to enforce our departure. But the rest was a little confusing."

Indeed it was. For the "decision", handed down in late May, left the Africans in limbo. They are still subject to deportation. They have not been granted asylum. They have not even been granted "parole"—a status that permits indefinite admission to this country without legal residence. The real significance of the decision—or lack of decision—appears to be that the government does not want to damage relations with South Africa by declaring that apartheid constitutes physical persecution, but neither does it want to alienate Americans by declaring that apartheid does *not* amount to "physical persecution."

Fighting Bob

The opening of Robert F. Wagner's campaign for re-election to a fourth term as mayor of the city of New York took a form that must give pleasure to all admirers of that durable politician's techniques: he said he was thinking of not running. The reason he gave faultlessly combined an appeal for the sympathy of parents with a reassurance that he was only playing hard to get. "I find I can't spend as much time as a father should with his boys," the mayor said. The boys are Robert F. Wagner, Jr., a student at Harvard, and Duncan Wagner, who goes away to boarding school, so what Mr. Wagner says he has in mind would apparently involve spending a good deal of time in the kitchen baking cookies. No, the picture is clear enough: after the Democrats have looked over the alterna-

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tives—including at least one of the late President Roosevelt's sons (F.D.R., Jr.), a group that has been going in heavily for mayoralty campaigns recently, "Fighting Bob" will once more be asked to bind up his party's wounds.

This tactical display of coyness should teach Representative John V. Lindsay, the candidate for mayor of a party whose name he can never seem to remember, that if he intends to get elected by lambasting Mayor Wagner, he is aiming at an extraordinarily elusive target. And now that William F. Buckley, Jr., is thinking of running as the Conservative candidate for mayor, heaven knows what will come of it all.

The Grand Old Problem

With consensus spreading over Capitol Hill like a nerve gas, the hardest job for Republicans in Congress is to find a common opposition policy. Disagreements on how to go about it are dividing the leadership of the party in the House and the Senate, despite protestations of party unity. For example, when a group of House Republicans desperate for an issue recently decided to send a task force to France in the hope of making up for the administration's indifference to the sensibilities of President de Gaulle, Senator Everett Dirksen greeted the announcement with an incredulous "Are you kidding?" Earlier, G.O.P. members of the House Judiciary Committee indirectly knocked the senator when they condemned the voting-rights bill passed by the committee's Democratic majority as "a hastily contrived, patchwork response . . . beset with numerous frailties and excesses." The bill was much like the "administration" bill which Dirksen had worked out in the Senate.

Dirksen's role in the voting-rights legislation exemplifies his approach to the role of Senate opposition leader in the Johnson era. His theory is apparently that if you can't lick 'em, get 'em to join you. The result has been an accumulation of personal power, with the White House showing a high degree of deference on matters of patronage and legislation. The White House gets its rewards, too: the voting-

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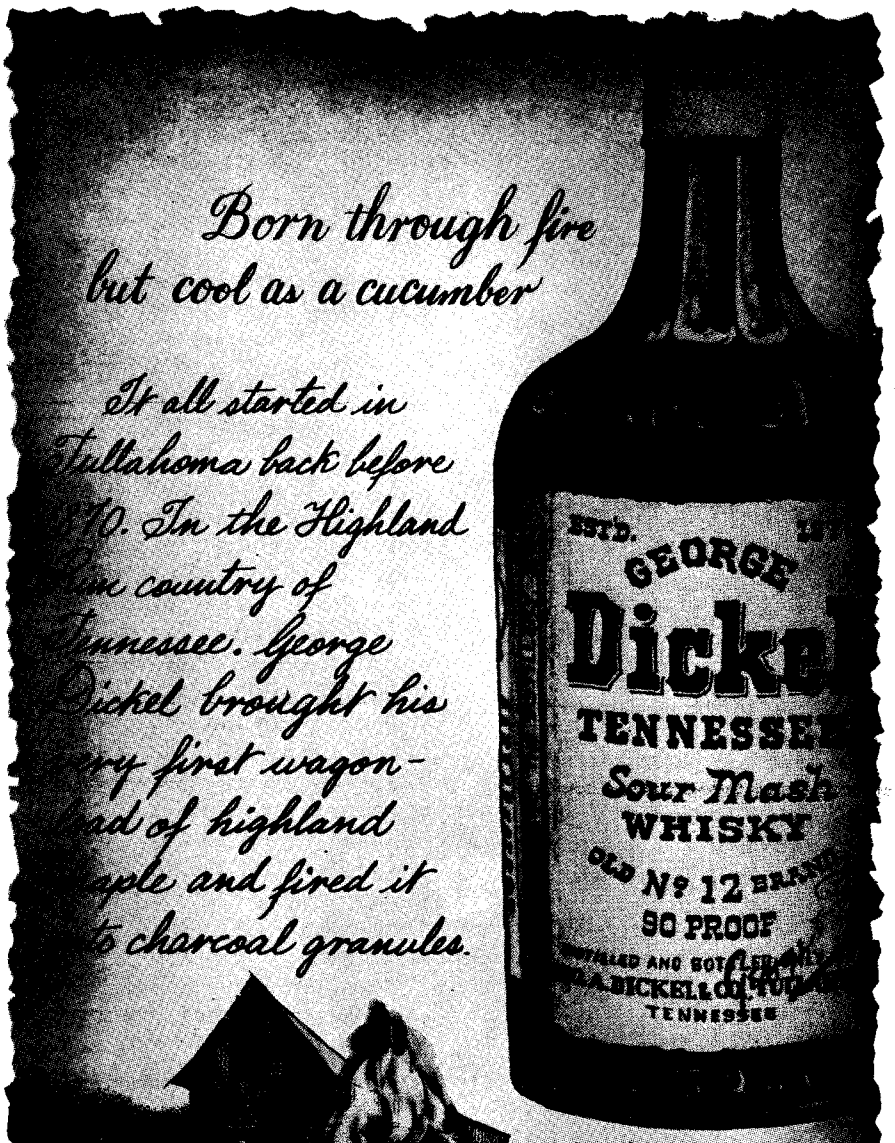

When he mellowed up his whisky by trickling it through 6200 pounds of this charcoal he said it was "born through fire." Because the charcoal granules and the barreling took out the wild-fire, folks said Mr. Dickel's Tennessee Sour Mash Drinkin' Whisky was "cool as a cucumber."

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rights bill was whipped into shape in Dirksen's office.

Instead of attempting to put a G.O.P. imprint on current legislation, House Republicans favor developing "Republican alternatives" that can be converted readily into 1966 campaign planks. And instead of a spokesman with a genuine national reputation like Dirksen, G.O.P. leadership in the House is exerted by a tough young group. Gerald R. Ford of Michigan is the titular leader, but the real go-getter and string-puller is Melvin R. Laird of Wisconsin.

At the beginning of this Johnsonian session of Congress, Dirksen and Ford indulged in a show of unity. Yet, fairly early in the game, the opposite tactics of the Senate and House leaders became apparent. In the House, the Republicans diligently tried to come up with something—anything—to offer in lieu of the Great Society. They organized study task forces, built up a research team, flailed away at LBJ in their Congressional Committee Newsletter, and organized a fund-raising drive to fight marginally held Democratic seats, rather than to help incumbents.

Republicans have tried hard to minimize the contrast. Some profess to see the whole affair as a parlay, with Dirksen appealing to the metooers and Ford-Laird, Inc. arousing the partisans.

"The duty of an Opposition is to oppose," the old saw goes. If only the outnumbered Republicans on Capitol Hill could decide *how!*

The Absent Powers

Late last month the secretary-general of the United Nations, U Thant, and the president of the Nineteenth General Assembly, Alex Quaison-Sackey, issued a report on the progress of the thirty-three member committee that has been working since winter to find a solution to the organization's financial and institutional problems. The report cited the multiplicity of views that still exists in the committee ("It will be obvious from the preceding paragraphs that the concept of 'peacekeeping' is capable of widely differing interpretations . . ."), and ended by noting the need for "voluntary" contributions to restore the U.N.'s solvency and for an extension of the June 15 deadline for the committee to complete its report. The committee, in other words, hasn't gotten very far.

When it became known that the committee membership was going to be as large and unwieldy as thirty-three, there was a good bit of grousing on the U.S. side that both the number and some of the designated members all but guaranteed a simple transfer of the Assembly's stalemate to the committee itself. But it soon became apparent that the size and composition of the group would hardly matter, since any progress to be made toward a solution would come from private consultations between the United States and the Soviet Union, which would be given an opportunity to work out their differences quietly, while the committee, in the best U.N. tradition, argued on.

Backstairs, however, it is said that the Russians and the French have hardened their positions. The Russians constantly hint that they might give some money voluntarily, sometime. It is also reported that they are unwilling to pay unless the U.S. drops its insistence on enforcement of Article 19, which makes them debtors. The United States for its part has been attempting to work out some verbal formulation whereby the money simply comes in and meets the deficit but the arrears themselves are not mentioned. Thus, even in the face of general knowledge of the real situation at the U.N., the imagery and the reality remain at odds.

Not that reality doesn't sometimes intrude upon the more convenient formulations for getting around inconvenient truths at the U.N. We are thinking in particular of the tenaciously held and privately expressed view of many delegates that both the Soviet Union and the United States have been acting at the U.N. largely at the goading of those two nicely balanced and equally reprehensible villains, Communist China and the United States Congress. In at least one case the heavies, so to speak, have turned the tables on everyone. In December, 1963, the General Assembly passed a resolution calling for an

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enlargement of both the Security Council and the Economic and Social Council to reflect the changing composition of the organization. At the time, the U.S. abstained and the Soviet Union voted against the resolution on the ground that until Communist China had been seated on the Security Council the U.S.S.R. could not vote to reform that body—the Red Chinese simply wouldn't hear of it. Thereupon a Red Chinese press story revealed that Peking could not care less about this particular development, and a number of the uncommitted nations approached the Russians with this bit of information. The Russians explained to them that the newspaper did not express official Chinese views—whereupon Peking officially expressed its views and the Russians were more or less mousetrapped into supporting the enlargement resolutions—which they ultimately did with customary self-congratulation and bravado.

What about the U.S. Congress whose reputation is nowhere more fearsome than it is at Turtle Bay? Did it take any of its recent opportunities to inveigh against the financial debacle at the U.N.? On the contrary, both houses appear to have been yawning through the whole noisy business. The House, for instance, recently approved the State Department's annual appropriation without even indulging in its traditional orgy of rhetoric about the profligacy of the U.N. and the urgent need for the United States to withdraw from it. The Senate, with a minimal amount of complaint, ratified the enlargement (which takes the form of Charter amendments at the U.N. and treaty amendments in the Senate) by a vote of 71 to 0.

Clearly, the time has come, as they say, for some re-thinking—and especially for some re-formulating and re-theorizing, perhaps along the lines of a newly discernible Sino-Congressional détente based upon a common desire to meddle in the U.N.'s affairs. An action may be called for as well. If Congress is to live up to its Draconian reputation, after all, it will now be obliged to hold a full-scale investigation into whether it is being covertly manipulated from Peking.

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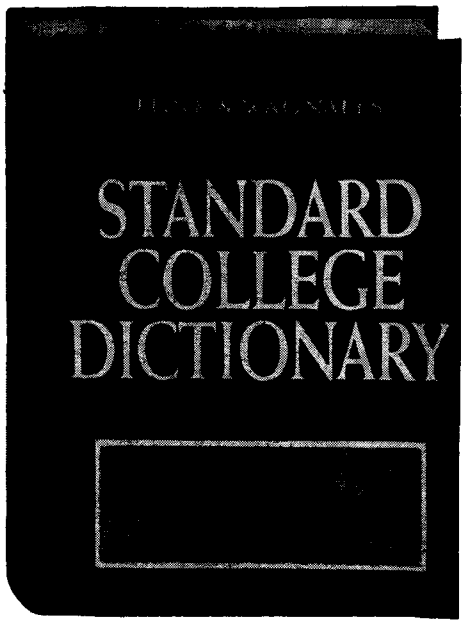

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Trying Times

Something has been happening during these last few weeks in the reaction of the American people to the foreign policy of their government that deserves a much more adequate analysis than is possible now but is already serious enough to justify some exploring of its causes. This is a novel experience for old practitioners of opposition like ourselves, who on many occasions have been critical of American diplomacy and now defend it.

It may well be that American public thinking had become accustomed to take literally the perfunctory statements of the government: there was no war with any Communist country; peaceful, competitive coexistence was gradually becoming the normal state of affairs in any part of the world. There was, to be sure, constant evidence of Communist infiltration in many of the least-developed areas, but if this infiltration could be called a nationalist movement a certificate of nationhood granted by the major powers, or by the U.N., could put things straight again. Nationalism was, so it seemed, the best vaccination against Communism.

Our country's traditional love of peace was badly shaken by the nomination of Barry Goldwater who scarcely neglected any opportunity to mention the use and the users of nuclear weapons and thus demonstrated an equal lack of concern for both vote-getting and escalation. But Lyndon Johnson was safe: the broader the consensus the better; his Great Society was a deeply felt, very American type of nationalism.

When, after Pleiku, he ordered American planes to fly North, people were stunned, and not only in the United States. The implication was clear: who does he think he is? the President of the United States? Explain, explain, he was peremptorily asked on all sides. He spent even too much time explaining. Possibly he may have overinsisted on the freedom of the South Vietnamese people—a freedom for which they had enjoyed the elementary prerequisites when American aid had greatly improved the conditions under which they lived. But certainly the President is not responsible for the so-called domino theory as applied to South Vietnam, for this theory is nothing but an application of the law of gravity. It is no game of dominoes that is going on in that part of the world, but one of strategy where every new conquered land serves as a lever to a larger conquest.

The American people, or rather some of their most influential public philosophers and communicators, must have forgotten a great deal since, let's say, the end of the Korean war or the second Cuba that they were made distraught by the recent events in Southeast Asia and the Caribbean. Perhaps it is good to have been awakened so abruptly, to be forced to do a great deal of rethinking at the level at which each one of us is capable. There is no reason to indulge in domestic and fratricidal bitterness when the situation itself is so bitter, if only we make the necessary effort to take a stand and gain a preliminary, sober idea of how it all happened. All delusions or illusions to the contrary, the Communist adversary still wishes us ill; his ways of wishing us ill are infinitely varied; ours of responding pitifully few. But the major difference between us still comes from the fact that they are more adroit in the most insidious practices of warfare. That is why President Johnson was so right in Vietnam when he started repaying them in their own coin.

We have also had a tendency to interpret the divisiveness in their ranks as being automatically in our favor. Not a single instance has been provided so far that this is so—not in Yugoslavia, not in Poland, not in any of the countries where the President says "bridges" are to be built. Even in Yugoslavia it remains doubtful whether the régime has made good use of our immense help, and people there still go to jail for believing in the ideas we cherish.

Yet all these fallacies about the relationship between Communism and democracy had taken root: the spread between the two orders of society was dwindling, the two economic and cultural systems were getting closer; and in a way, to paraphrase the late General Patton, the difference between believers in Communism and believers in democracy was about the same as that between Republicans and Democrats.

When the President acted in Santo Domingo the uproar was all the greater because McCarthy had discredited anti-Communism. It was because of McCarthy that the fear of Communism first spread a blinding, thoughtless obsession that actually helped Communism assume all manner of safe disguises. Even now it is impossible to mention any given number of Communists without evoking the memory of the man who had in his hand the irrefutable evidence of ever-changing numbers. At present some of the communicators who were not too prominent in the fight against McCarthy feel that they have a second chance.

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The Long Trial of Public Housing

ELIZABETH BRENNER DREW

DURING HEARINGS this spring before a Senate subcommittee of the Committee on Banking and Currency held on the administration's proposed housing legislation for 1965, Senator Paul H. Douglas (D., Illinois) leaned across the rostrum to ask a witness: "I want to raise this question: Has the dynamism gone out of the housing movement? It is a tendency of every movement to get tired in middle age." The senator was being charitable. For the public housing program, which he had indefatigably supported for many years, is no longer making significant inroads in the problems of housing the poor.

The senator had already elicited the troubling facts: the Housing Act of 1949, which revived the prewar housing program, set a goal of public housing for 810,000 families by 1955; that goal is still in the remote distance. Only about 575,000 families are now living in public housing; roughly five million families with incomes under $4,000—almost ten per cent of the American people—are still living in what the government calls "substandard" dwellings. Although Congress has been authorizing construction of an average of 30,000 new units a year for the last ten years, the average number actually built each year for the last decade was not even 20,000. Public housing has become more and more a program for small towns and the elderly; it is doing less and less for the neediest families with children in the crowded large cities. Last year, forty-three per cent of the public housing on which construction was begun—"new starts"—was in cities of under fifty thousand; and more than half of it was for the elderly.

Despite a growing need, no construction at all for public housing for families was started in the last three years in Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit, and Boston, according to the records at the Housing and Home Finance Agency. In none of the other major cities has construction even come near filling the need. Proposed projects have run into so much local difficulty that some 49,000 units—twice as many as were begun last year—are in the "pipeline." The government has made contracts for these projects with local housing authorities, some of them as long as ten years ago, but either no construction date has ever been set for them, or else construction is scheduled for "sometime" after mid-1965.

Confidence Lost

The public housing program was begun in 1937 to do something about the "one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished," as President Roosevelt put it in his inaugural address earlier that year. Today, the Johnson administration, in launching the most concerted attack on the causes and effects of poverty since the 1930's, has apparently lost confidence in the existing housing program as a major instrument for changing the lot of the poor. It is not asking Congress for any increase in the number of public housing units to be constructed in the next four years. Instead, it is putting forward a program to rehabilitate existing buildings and has a proposed rent subsidy to families with incomes above the limit for public-housing eligibility who are unable to afford the rents of decent privately owned housing.

On the last day of the Senate hearings on the administration's

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housing bill, nine Democratic senators who have regularly supported public housing regretfully concurred in the administration's decision to continue but not to expand the public housing construction program. "We are all disappointed," they said in a joint statement, "that the local public housing authorities have been unable to build the number of public housing units Congress has allocated. In the face of this fact, it is difficult to argue for an increase . . . desirable as that might seem."

What are the reasons for this failure? Some are local and beyond Federal control, such as racial prejudice, class consciousness, local political timidity, and soaring land values and construction costs. Others —the unimaginativeness and dilatoriness of Federal and local bureaucracies—are administrative. Racial prejudice and a difference in living standards make family public housing projects unwelcome in middle-class neighborhoods, and the reluctance of local political bodies in most cities to buck this opposition restricts the number of sites available. In Northern cities the problem is made worse by the scarcity and high cost of land. Once a city secures a plot for public housing, the temptation is to stretch its use by building high-rise projects and jamming in as many families as possible —just the kind of project that brings down the wrath of tenants, neighbors, and almost everyone else.

THOUGH the task of public housing has changed since the program began, its techniques have not. So widespread was the depression-induced poverty of the 1930's that the tenants of public housing were more representative racially and socially of the whole population than are the tenants of today. As job opportunities opened up during the Second World War, a large proportion of the occupants moved up the income ladder and out of public housing. This mobility of public housing's early occupants seemed to support the argument that given better shelter, the poor will naturally improve their lot in every way. More recent experience has shown that it doesn't always work that way. Public housing in itself cannot solve such problems as illegitimate children, broken marriages, juvenile delinquency, poor housekeeping, alcoholism, quarrelsomeness, and other concomitants of poverty, factors that in some cities disqualify families for public housing.

When Congress gave public housing its new lease on life in the 1949 Housing Act, it also unwittingly increased the burdens of the public housers. A major innovation of the 1949 act was the urban renewal, or "slum clearance," program. An original intent was that the land cleared with the help of Federal funds would be used for new housing for the poor. As time went on, however, cities used more and more of it for development of downtown businesses, industry, and high-income housing—not necessarily out of callousness toward the poor but in an effort to revitalize decaying cities and bring back the large numbers of middle-class and well-to-do families who had moved to the suburbs. To make amends to the slum dwellers who lost their homes to urban renewal projects, Congress required that they be given priority in public housing. The great bulk of those displaced were Negroes who had known nothing but slum living—the "disadvantaged." The highway program begun in 1956 and other Federal public-works programs added to the number of the uprooted. During the 1950's, therefore, what the public housers called the "leadership families" had moved out or were moving out and what they call the "problem families" were moving in. Public housing became less of a way station and more of a dead end. At this point, the problem of finding sites began to grow acute.

Chicago's High-Rise Jungle

A bitter controversy that raged not long ago over the location of a new public housing project in Chicago gives a good illustration of the cumulative troubles of public housing. After two years of no new starts in family public housing, Chicago is now—over the protests of church leaders, civil-rights groups, and civic groups, but with the consent of the Federal Public Housing Administration—proceeding to construct four high-rise public housing buildings directly alongside what is generally already considered to be the world's largest cluster of public housing. The new buildings will be placed at the end of a four-mile strip of high-rise public housing apartment buildings along State Street and overlook junkyards and railroad tracks. The State Street strip, in turn, is within a ten-square-mile area that houses forty-eight per cent of all the people in Chicago's public housing. According to the Chicago Housing Authority's own figures, the public housing in this area is ninety-nine per cent Negro-occupied. (Chicago also has one all-white family housing project, located in Mayor Richard J. Daley's ward.) Because of the Chinese and Italian neighborhoods nearby, however, the CHA assured the PHA that the new project would be "richly integrated."

Those who fought the project were opposed both to the location and the design of the new buildings. They pointed to conditions in one State Street project, Robert Taylor Homes. In its twenty-eight high-rise buildings, according to a recent dramatic but well-documented series in the Chicago *Daily News*, "live twenty-eight thousand people [twenty thousand of them children] all of them poor, grappling with violence and vandalism, fear and suspicion, teen-age terror and adult chaos, rage, resentment, official regimenting." The newspaper series called Robert Taylor Homes "Chicago's $70-Million Ghetto." Some of its inhabitants refer to it as "The Congo Hilton."

Opponents of the State Street project were convinced that with enough effort, all those to be placed in the new project could have been housed in much smaller projects scattered throughout the city. Therefore, why was the State Street site chosen? The surface answer is that the Chicago city council would approve no other site, but there is no evidence that Chicago housing authorities asked them to. The heart of the matter is that the alderman of the Chicago city council and the Chicago Housing Authority, whose top officials are appointed by Mayor Daley, have surrendered to the prejudices against public housing that they themselves helped to create. Public housing in Chicago has come to mean Negro-occupied high-rises, and nobody wants one of those in his neighborhood except, it is said, the Negro

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alderman to whom it means more votes. There has been no official concerted attempt to place a family public housing project in an all-white neighborhood in Chicago for more than a decade. And middle-class Negroes are just as opposed to a large project in *their* neighborhoods. "They had just fled what they called 'the jungle' themselves," one official explained, "and they didn't want it to follow them."

One of the peculiar results of all this is that the large majority of those eligible for Chicago's public housing are whites who refuse to move into public housing placed in the Negro ghetto but are offered little alternative. The fact that Negroes occupy ninety-five per cent of Chicago's public housing while about sixty-five per cent of those eligible for it are white, has hardly lessened prejudice.

Opponents of the project were upset that Federal officials went along with Chicago policy instead of refusing to approve the State Street project and forcing the Chicago authorities to come up with alternatives. For instance, they could have instructed the local authorities in the techniques of building smaller public-housing projects on scattered sites; they could have insisted that the authorities work with the civic and church groups to help smooth the way for public housing in new locations. "But the Feds don't look at these things," complained one civic leader. "They spend their time looking at the damned cost figures of the proposals the CHA comes in with; they ignore the social consequences."

THE BILL that the Johnson administration has proposed to Congress, which comes up for a vote this summer, represents an uneasy compromise between its obligation to provide more and better public housing and its recognition that PHA seems progressively less able to do the job. The administration has asked Congress simply to continue the authorization for construction of new public-housing units at recent levels (35,000 a year), and, in addition, to make it possible for the government for the first time to lease and rehabilitate existing buildings to provide 25,000 units a year for public housing. The rehabilitation program would help local authorities skirt the problem of finding new sites, would improve rundown housing, and is likely to make public housing available far more quickly than new construction. The housing and rehabilitation programs combined will make 60,000 units a year available if the local bodies take full advantage of them.

The Federal rent subsidy has proved to be the most controversial feature of the administration's bill and—though this was not part of the administration's intention—it yet may provide the most important breakthrough in providing housing for the poor since 1937.

The administration's original proposal was that the government subsidize (Federal officials prefer to say "supplement") the rent of those whose incomes are too high to qualify them for public housing but too

low to procure decent housing at going rentals. Under the subsidy proposal, the government would pay the difference between twenty per cent of a family's income and the rent charged in housing built or purchased with Federal help by private, nonprofit agencies such as churches, unions, and welfare organizations. As against the income qualification for public housing, which averages about $3,000, but with the level rising as high as $9,036 for a large family in New York, rent subsidies would begin where public-housing eligibility stops. The upper limit would be left to local decision.

The bill's vagueness as to income qualifications provoked sharp criticism in Congress, along with a certain amount of levity. Representative Paul A. Fino (R., New York) even asked whether a member of Congress with eleven children and a salary of $30,000 would be eligible. More seriously, some Northern Democrats, including Senator Douglas, countered by proposing that the rent-subsidy section be broadened to cover the poor. If Congress follows through, it will give the administration an authority it did not seek, though it is one that officials now say they would be happy to have.

In the opinion of many observers, the timidity with which the rent-subsidy proposal was framed and launched has several explanations. For one thing, HHFA Administrator Robert C. Weaver and his associates, acutely aware of public housing's shortcomings in the big cities, were reluctant to precipitate an open fight with the public housing lobby and with their own colleagues and subordinates in the Public Housing Administration. In specifying that rent subsidies begin where public housing leaves off, they deliberately stopped short of setting up a program that would compete directly with the public housing.

The administration was also anxious not to alienate the coalition of groups representing city officials, urban renewal and public housing administrators, and labor leaders whose combined backing has always been essential to Congressional approval of its public building programs. At the same time, it had to consider another coalition which has frequently opposed public-housing measures—real-estate boards, the United States Chamber of Commerce, mortgage bankers, and home builders. The big, omnibus housing bills that periodically renew and expand the more than twenty programs of Federal help for public and private housing activities require the support or at least the acquiescence of both. ("We wouldn't dream of letting FHA mortgages [for private housing] expire in any other year than when urban renewal does," said a lobbyist for urban renewal). The HHFA officials did not want to make a move that might upset this delicately loaded applecart.

Some strong opposition to the rent-subsidy provision has come from the public-housing sector. The key lobby of these interests, the National Association of Housing and Redevelopment Officials, has argued that rent subsidies should be considered "experimental." It objected that the proposal was too costly, "undemocratic," and could not be a substitute for public housing, and, above all, would not be administered

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by public housing officials. To their added objections to extending the proposal to cover the very poor, Senator Douglas replied: "They haven't liked the proposal because they want to keep the poor as their special province; 'keep off the grass,' they say."

Needling Needed

The Congressional airing of facts about the shortcomings of the PHA program may well turn out to be the best thing that has happened to it in a long time. Ever since Mrs. Marie C. McGuire was appointed Public Housing Administration Commissioner by President Kennedy in 1961, she has been trying to lift public housing out of the doldrums. She has been searching for ways to make it more flexible, to improve its design, to mix public and private housing, to use private management firms, to try to get people of varying incomes in a given project. But it is doubtful that Mrs. McGuire's inventiveness and zeal alone can provide the breakthrough. One of her associates concedes that "There is so much internal and external drag that change is virtually impossible. There are too many people who have been here from the beginning." The point was well taken. The PHA cannot eliminate all the roadblocks that have contributed to its failures, but it would help if it were staffed with people less resigned to them. The HHFA leadership could begin now to give Mrs. McGuire some help in revitalizing her agency, and with the Federal officials poking and prodding, the local bodies, in turn, are more likely to come up with new approaches themselves. As one housing official admitted to Senator Douglas: "There needs to be a large needle somewhere."

Some of that stimulus can be provided by the rent-subsidy program once it gets under way. It could enable groups like those in Chicago who have been battling the set ways of the housing authorities to go out and build better housing for the poor on their own; and they intend to do just that. Some public housers fear that the rent-subsidy program will "do in" public housing sooner or later. But that shouldn't be the case—the job to be done is more than big enough for both.

New York Tries A New Approach

THOMAS C. WHEELER

THE ANNUAL AWARD of the Park Association of New York City—a hypercritical civic group that has previously honored the Seagram Building and Chase Manhattan Bank for functional and pleasant open spaces—to the New York City Housing Authority for six public housing plazas this month may come as a surprise. New York has, after all, deserved its reputation of having the grimmest as well as the largest conglomeration of public housing in the country. But the award, one of several civic citations bestowed on New York's embattled public housing in the last few years, is a recognition of breakthroughs in the design and concept of public housing.

A beginning has been made in building smaller projects that are imaginatively designed. This refreshing change is a direct result of the innovating efforts of Mrs. Marie C. McGuire, who in the four years since her appointment as commissioner of the Public Housing Administration has done much to improve the agency's architecture. One of her first official acts was to issue a directive to all local housing authorities to disregard the sterile building manuals of the past on the basis that "good design costs no more." Her agency has also sponsored numerous PHA regional seminars between architects and local authorities in a continuing search for better design.

THE ISSUANCE of a directive, of course, does not automatically change the habits of decades. One especially severe handicap has been the almost puritanical resistance to anything "extravagant" in Federally subsidized public housing. Last year, for instance, the General Accounting Office, which watches over Congressional appropriations and expenditures, criticized the PHA for "placing greater emphasis on the social and aesthetic aspects of housing than . . . was intended by Congress." Among the heretical charges against the PHA were: "use of facing brick instead of common brick" (which tends to make the housing projects look like prisons), "of plaster instead of cinder blocks," and "various forms of outside ornamentation and unusual wall design to make the buildings attractive in appearance." Mrs. McGuire answered the GAO's charges at some length, but the most eloquent rebuttal has been the progress in design and social planning now evident in several cities including New York.

New York is an important example of a local housing authority anticipating more progressive leadership from PHA and even stretching it to include grants from private foundations. This was made possible by the reorganization in 1958 of the New York City Housing Authority, spurred by Mayor Robert F. Wagner, that created a board with three full-time paid members more responsive to change. One of the new members is Ira S. Robbins, who prior to his appointment had distinguished himself as a leader of housing groups and a critic of the old patterns. With the strong backing of the local authority chairman, William Reid, Robbins set up an advisory council on the arts in 1960, which soon produced an unflattering appraisal of the existing program as well as suggestions for aesthetic improvements.

The involvement of private foundations in the city's public housing program came about somewhat by chance the following year after Robbins had made a speech calling for "art and beauty" in low-income housing projects. The Rockefeller Foundation approached the authority with a $10,000 grant to hire an "art consultant," actually an interior decorator, to work out color combinations to enliven the notoriously drab project interiors. Stimulated by the initial results, Reid and Robbins began searching for more foundation money, collecting to date about one million dollars, mainly from the Astor

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Foundation, to build attractive plazas in new and old projects. In fact, three of the six Park Association awards went to plazas installed with private grants. More important has been the demonstration of what could be accomplished on a larger scale with Federal funds in rejuvenating housing and urban areas.

Think Small

The most conspicuous result of the new critical spirit and of an effort to get imaginative architects has been a rejection of the old grim patterns in the design of even large projects built in the last five years. Until the early 1950's, lobbies and hallways were bleak aisles of gray cement, the hallways a scant three and a half feet wide. The poor were not deemed worthy of closets with doors, bathrooms with showers, toilet bowls with seat covers. Community centers were considered frivolous; narrow asphalt paths led past wastelands of fenced lawn into dreary, ill-equipped playgrounds. The trash-littered hallways and lobbies have an irreducible stench of urine, and the old projects have become the notorious new slums. They will remain so unless the Federal government provides funds for rehabilitation.

In all New York projects built in the last five years, lobbies are inviting entrances with floors of polished tile and multicolored walls of paint, tile, or wallpaper. Hallways, a foot wider, have bright tile floors and a contrast of color on doors and walls. Apartments have light-colored, practical tile floors, modern kitchens and separate dinettes, larger windows, and the simple amenities of closet doors, showers, and toilet covers. Community centers are now built into most projects, and the "keep off the grass" signs have given way to better playgrounds and landscaping. The most significant progress, however, is in the building of smaller projects, toward which New York public housing has begun to turn in the last few years. Practical reasons, especially the diminishing number of large sites available in a city with a public-housing population of 517,000 in 147 projects, have contributed to the policy decision. The average size of New York projects has dropped from 1,500 apartments a project in the 1950's to five hundred built in the last few years and to four hundred now in planning. Seven two-building projects, housing from 270 to 400 families, have been built since 1960, with two more now under construction. In addition, the authority has built fourteen single-building projects or "vest pockets," housing 70 to 175 families each.

Taking up less than half a city block, the small project is able to accomplish what public housing has lacked—a sense of neighborhood coming from the project's individuality, and a surrounding community preserved, with its stores, schools, churches, and meeting places. With its plaza area, the small project becomes a new stimulus to the old neighborhood.

In Manhattan's West Side urban renewal area, four vest pockets of striking design are going up in the vicinity of the city's model small project, the Stephen Wise Towers. The five projects will house a total of 932 low-income families, and they are planned so that their facilities and community centers can be used interchangeably.

WHAT PUBLIC HOUSING can do for blighted areas and how imaginative design can affect the lives of tenants is apparent at Stephen Wise, one of the projects commended by the Park Association. Built in an integrated area, the project is the first in New York City to be successfully integrated, thus meeting in the only way possible the objection of civil-rights leaders to ghetto projects. Wise accommodates 399 families, whose maximum incomes range from $4,032 for small families to $8,064 for families with six or more members; the tenants themselves vary from welfare recipients to semi-skilled laborers and low-paid technicians. Wise also has 150 elderly tenants, housed in apartments specially designed with flush floors between rooms to guard against stumbling, grab bars in the bathrooms, electrical outlets well up on the walls, and extra heating.

A neighborhood association, led by a militant Catholic priest, the Reverend Henry J. Browne, deserves much of the credit for Wise Towers and the four vest pockets near it. Urging the city to build small rather than large projects in the urban renewal area, his group also pressed for the policy of giving admissions priority to area residents. The first of several New York projects to take its tenants wholly from a condemned urban renewal area, Wise's 1,300 residents have not had to undergo the trials of relocation. Furthermore, an attempt has been made to select families with the least "problems"—a general New York housing policy that can be criticized for its exclusion of many people with great need. But the justification is also compelling. With only limited public housing available, the argument runs that the least troublesome families should get in first. The selection policy is also defensive, designed by the authority to protect the program from attacks on public housing as a breeding ground of crime and delinquency.

Uncommon Optimism

The two nineteen-story apartment buildings are of neat, ordinary brick, but the project is made dazzling by the spacious central plaza, built with a $30,000 grant from the J. M. Kaplan Fund. The plaza extends north between West 90th and 91st Streets at a slight upgrade and opens onto the Gothic stone front of a private school; its design is subtly tied to its Gothic neighbor by a large stone mural of black and white abstracts. At the northern half, paved in pink cement, stands a large circle of eighteen short and stocky concrete horses (black, gray and white), abstract enough to be called "llamas" by the tenants but functional enough to attract swarms of children, half of them from the neighborhood.

The older children slalom on roller skates between the horses and around the trees scattered about the plaza. And in the middle, two huge diamond-shaped stones stand in a fountain pool, not yet running with water. White, Negro, and Puerto Rican children scurry through the caves formed by the stones and hoist themselves to the pinnacles ("It's like space up here," a twelve-year-old boy insists). On the sides of the plaza, cedar benches are recessed into strips of lawn and shrubbery. Mothers sit in the sun with baby carriages.

The contrast between Wise Towers and the grim, massive, brick "tombstones" of a decade ago is electrifying. It is best reflected in

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the comments of the tenants who only a short while ago were living in substandard housing. They speak with a directness and often an articulateness that Congressional critics of public housing, sociologists, and bureaucrats need to hear. "This is heaven compared to anything we've had since we came here," a thirty-seven-year-old Negro housewife, born in the Virgin Islands and married to a white Puerto Rican, told me. A year ago, the Ruiz family of four children lived in a dank two rooms of a brownstone, now demolished. "Before I lived in the jungle," said Miguel Ruiz, a garment center worker. "Now I live in New York. I just have my hands. My sons will go to college." Such optimism is not uncommon. Four Puerto Rican teenagers, playing ball on what they call "the green field"—a paved diamond painted green—said in a free-for-all of comments. "Where we lived before was, you know, for gangsters." "Here, you meet the good guys, not the crooks." "I'm going to be an industrial engineer. Yeah, I'll go to college." "Him go to college? Why, he's a kindergarten dropout."

A housing authority policeman at Stephen Wise (the project is one of those that is adequately patrolled) put it still another way: "There's no fighting or disrespect, like in the other projects. Here it's a new wind, a change coming in. You see people from all the neighborhood coming in on Sundays with their cameras to take pictures of their families standing by the mural or the horses. You'd think this was the World's Fair. It's got a lot to do with people having lived around here. A man can look out of his window in the morning and see the hole he lived in before. It's as if he'd been carrying a great big boulder and put it down, came across the street, and relaxed."

STEPHEN WISE, named posthumously for an eminent Rabbi and one of the last projects to be built with a subsidy from the now expiring New York State Housing Program (which, before its rejection in last year's referendum, accounted for one-third of the city's public housing), also represents the new efforts of the New York City authority to bring selected social-service agencies into active work within projects —to staff the community centers, which are operated with welfare funds, and to stimulate community activities. Like others, the children's day-care center at Wise will serve the whole neighborhood, including the nearby vest pockets, and give care and pre-school training all day to about 150 children of working mothers. It will be staffed by Goddard-Riverside Community Center, a well-established and pioneering West Side settlement house. The nearby vest-pocket community center will have programs for teen-agers and the elderly. As in other projects, the housing authority's "art consultants" have installed an "idea" apartment, furnished for $800 with new and repainted furniture. It has been helpful to many low-income wives and has served as a meeting place for sewing, cooking, and housekeeping groups organized by Goddard-Riverside.

THE most inspiring of the foundation-financed plazas so far has been at Carver Houses in East Harlem, courtesy of the Astor Foundation. The plaza extends six blocks along the thirteen-building complex built in 1958. At both ends are tree-lined walks that wind through strips of lawn and garden. A curved cedar arbor in the center shades a row of benches. Beyond the arbor is a tier of low-graded steps leading to a large shallow pool in front of an outdoor stage. Sculptured seals spout water at the four corners of the pool, which is used for wading in the summer, and can be drained and used for additional sitting area for plays, skits, and dance programs that are held regularly in the summer, some of them put on by project tenants. Behind the stage area are three curved freestanding walls of alternately projecting and recessed brick, designed with aesthetics in mind but also providing a challenging and safe climbing surface for youngsters.

The Hecksher Foundation and the J. M. Kaplan Fund have financed an imaginative plaza at the eighteen-building Jefferson Houses in Harlem, designed by the outstanding landscape architect Albert Mayer and given an award by the American Society of Landscape Architects. And this summer the mammoth Jacob Riis Houses on the lower East Side will get a similar plaza costing $799,000, also a gift of Mrs. Vincent Astor.

"Why, if we paid for something like that ourselves," said a high New York PHA official recently, "the opponents of the [Housing] Act would tear the hell out of us." Since he was referring not to the sizable Astor grants but to the relatively small Kaplan gift for the Wise project, the remark provides additional insight into the bureaucratic caution toward the "human factor" in public housing. And yet the fact remains that the Federal position has been significantly altered by the "seed" grants from private foundations.

An excellent example is the two-building Nathan Straus Houses project just completed in the Bellevue section of Manhattan. Constructed of attractive yellow brick, the project is also graced with an award-winning plaza, paid for entirely with Federal funds. The plaza, to be sure, is on a modest scale and does not have a mural; but it is equally clear that the spouting seals from Carver Houses and the sturdy horses from Wise Towers have found a minor but promising place within the Federal budget. On the other hand, Nathan Straus is a good illustration of the distance that public housing still must travel if it is to solve the problem of vast blighted areas.

AT STRAUS the other evening, the Tenants' Association (a device discouraged in New York projects until about three years ago because it was "troublesome") met—in between campaigns to get proper police protection and stop vandalism—to adopt a constitution. The association president, a young electrical-service man conscientious about his new responsibilities, carefully explained some of the parliamentary language in the document. When one of the tenants asked why it wasn't worded more simply, he replied that drawing a constitution was "a little hard, but naturally none of us are expert at this sort of thing." His comment might easily apply not just to the new spirit he represents in the city's projects but also to the new policies that, at a critical moment in the program's history, are beginning to make public housing more humane.

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Morocco's Troubled Young King

CLAIRE STERLING

RABAT

EARLY on a mid-April morning, King Hassan II of Morocco rode out of his palace to celebrate the Islamic rites of Aid-el-Kebir. Cloaked in a long white *jallabyiah,* mounted on a splendid white stallion caparisoned in emerald velvet, he moved slowly under a great parasol of multi-colored silk and gold, past ranks of crimson-clad Berber horsemen and throngs of veiled women whose shrill "Yu-yu-yu" pierced the air, to a flag-draped marquee where hundreds of Moslems sat chanting in prayer. Then, after leading the prayers for a few minutes, he deftly slit the throats of two plump sheep awaiting sacrificial death since dawn, and returned to the palace. The annual ritual had been performed in just this way by Hassan's ancestors on the Moroccan throne for hundreds of years. Watching the royal procession go by, one could not help wondering how often it would happen again.

As an ancient kingdom on a continent of raw young republics, Morocco is set apart from its neighbors, a hopeless anachronism to some, an enviable bastion of tradition to others. The throne may have swayed a bit under the blasting wind of change: Hassan is said to be a direct descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, and he is of course the spiritual ruler of his people; but, since he wrote a parliamentary constitution with his own hand, he does not have the full temporal authority exercised by his forefathers since the seventeenth century. But in practice he is still an absolute monarch, one of the last of his kind in the world and, fortunately for the Alouite dynasty in these Jacobin times, a clever one.

Although Morocco is a very old nation, it is a youthful country. Three-quarters of Hassan's subjects were younger than he was when he ascended the throne four years ago, at the age of thirty-one. They were already getting restive during his father's reign. The late Mohammed V had kept their loyalty not by clinging to despotic ancestral ways, but by winning independence from France before a lot of other Africans had even begun to ask for it. His son has shown something of the same intuitive political flare.

To a traveler coming from the nervous new police states dotting the continent, the atmosphere of freedom in Morocco is refreshing. If the king's person is "inviolable and sacred," neither his government nor parliament is exempt from a running popular criticism in which Hassan himself occasionally joins. ("Our members of parliament seem to spend their time putting banana peels under each other's feet," he remarked on the radio not long ago.) The press says what it pleases, though it may not please to attack the monarchy as such. The five political parties wrangle to their hearts' content. Conversation is relaxed, with no precautionary backward glances. The right to strike is written into the constitution, whereas it was recently abolished in the socialized sectors of Ahmed Ben Bella's Algerian Republic; and the Moroccan Labor Federation (UMT), with 600,000 members, is the largest and most aggressively independent in Africa.

Walking With the King

There is, of course, another Moroccan world utterly remote from this easy egalitarianism. During my visit here I spent an evening in it as guest of an aristocratic family. As there were men in our party, the lady of the house remained secluded in her wing of the sumptuous Moorish palace; and our host did not sit down with us to the elaborate ten-course dinner served by the family slaves. But his patriarchal presence was strong in the vast carpeted room, and it was not until he went out to pace in the garden that his daughters, elegantly gowned in *caftans* of gold-threaded *mousseline de soie,* fished a bottle of forbidden whisky from behind the divan cushions and poured it surreptitiously into the crystal goblets of orange juice he had thoughtfully provided. Theirs is the world Hassan was born to and grew up in, centuries away from the French university where he got his law degree or the kind of society he is attempting, with evident sincerity, to create. Try as he may to be a good democrat, he is always the princely offspring of a sultan, surrounded by tradition-conscious nobles who rarely permit him or his subjects to forget it.

At the back of their minds, Moroccans know that their democratic

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privileges exist on the king's sufferance, and that what he has given he may presumably take away. Mohammed V kept them waiting five years for a constitution after the French withdrew, and died before getting around to it. Hassan repaired the breach two years later, but only with a draft designed, as he said himself, "to bring forth a parliament that will walk with me"—which it does, insofar as it moves at all. Still, the parliament has been elected by a suffrage free enough to give the king's own party, the Front for the Defense of Constitutional Institutions (FDIC) no more than a fifty-two per cent majority. Weak as it is, furthermore, it has rescued the Moroccans from what many of them would consider a much worse fate: the dreary one-party dictatorship so common among Africa's newly liberated republics.

A short-sighted monarch might have been tempted to try that. The only party in existence for some time after independence, the Istiqlal, was seemingly ideal for the purpose. Formed during the resistance to French rule, and drawing its strength from the safer classes—businessmen, older intellectuals, artisans, small-town notables—the Istiqlal is an intensely traditionalist Islamic movement whose leaders would like nothing better than to rule Morocco in the king's name, pretty much as the sultans of yore used to rule it. But nothing could have appealed less to Hassan, or his father before him, than the idea of entrusting crown and country to a party of such strait-laced and autocratic inclinations.

It was primarily to circumvent the Istiqlal that Hassan devised a multiparty system, and it has obviously been worth the trouble. Admittedly, he has his hands full with a spate of parties. But except for a small group in exile, not one of them would deliberately try to sink the monarchy lest they themselves be sunk by whatever might replace it. That holds even for the party furthest to the Left, the National Union of Popular Forces (UNFP). Having split away from the Istiqlal in search of a more invigorating future, UNFP leaders are particularly indebted to Hassan. If the king doesn't often take their advice, he lets them argue their case with the voters. They could not expect as much indulgence from their former Istiqlali colleagues.

The trouble is that with all this freedom, Morocco doesn't seem to be getting anywhere. In fact, it is appreciably worse off than it was under the French protectorate.

In 1955, the last year of French control, the economy was booming and by rights should have kept on booming. The country could scarcely have been called undeveloped. The Moroccans came into their own with excellent roads, railroads, and harbors, an abundant water and power supply, a prosperous modern agricultural sector, a promising industrial base, big cities, and plenty of money in the bank. They were blessed also with exceptional natural advantages: a fine climate, good soil, huge phosphate deposits, rich mines of lead, manganese, and iron ore, and accessibility to the whole European market. With careful management and a helping hand from France, they should have had nothing to worry about.

Yet they have been losing ground inch by inch over the last nine years. The decline was not noticeable at first because, after an early flutter of apprehension, the 350,000 French *colons* here found they could do business more or less as usual in an independent Morocco, and stayed on. Until 1963, a succession of royal cabinets apparently thought it wiser to profit from the continuing French presence rather than yield to nagging nationalist pressure for the Moroccanization of employment and seizure of French-held lands (750,000 of the country's five million arable hectares). The only faintly threatening move was made by Premier Abdallah Ibrahim of the UNFP, who confiscated 40,000 hectares of homestead lands in 1959—and eventually was fired for his pains by Mohammed V, who thereupon took over the premiership himself.

Since the first national parliamentary elections in 1963, however, a fresh succession of cabinets has been obliged to take the electorate into greater account. The *colons* have now lost 250,000 hectares of their land and are supposed to lose the rest in the course of a Three-Year Plan just announced. That in itself would have been enough to frighten them away. But the government has increased its control over banking, worked out a plan to Moroccanize the labor force, and imposed restrictions to stop an alarming drain of foreign currency, caused at least partly by the *colons'* determination to get their capital out of the country. Their last doubts gone, the *colons* themselves are going by the thousands. Only 100,000 remain, of whom 35,000 expect to leave before this year is out; and with their departure has come a dismal day of reckoning.

So long as the French were living, working, and investing here, the Moroccans did not feel the accumulating effects of their government's negligence and mismanagement. Now that the long period of grace is up, they have suddenly realized how much time and money have been squandered. With about $75 million a year from France and another $30 million annually from the United States, they should have been able to encourage local investment, develop new industries, and go at least part of the way towards modernizing agriculture. Somehow, the funds have been swallowed up instead by a yawning budget and trade deficit. Any number of development projects have been proposed: an American team of experts has suggested at least twenty-five—including a four-million-dollar sugar mill to save some of the $45 million spent in foreign currency for sugar imports (from Cuba, at that). But these proposals have bogged down one after another, in baffling succession. The United States has been partly responsible, by insisting on a precision in specifications that would be preposterous in any but a highly advanced industrial society: at least two important projects—a Pan American Airways hotel and a McKesson & Robbins pharmaceutical plant—have petered out because Moroccan civil servants simply could not cope with the paper work. On the whole, however, the problem of trained personnel has been a minor handicap compared to those generated by indecision, ministerial politicking, and graft.

Since 1955, the Moroccan population has grown from nine to thirteen million, and will probably reach

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eighteen million by 1975. Meanwhile, agricultural production has not only failed to keep pace but actually dropped by five per cent, industry and commerce are stagnant, and unemployment is spreading like a blight through the cities and outlying *bled*. One in every three *fellaheen* can find work only at harvesttime, one in three urban workers has no job at all, and out of Casablanca's 1,200,000 people at least 400,000 Moroccans are either unemployed or underemployed. (Entire families live on the earnings of a single shoe-shine boy.)

Blaze in Casablanca

It is no wonder then that Casablanca went up in an emotional blaze late last March like a dry forest at the touch of a match. The rioting started as a demonstration by schoolchildren, some of them third- or fourth-graders, against a government edict limiting the age for passing final high-school examinations to seventeen. The measure was reasonable, considering the state's limited resources and the enormous number of young Moroccans pressing for an education. But it meant that slower students would have no place to go after seventeen, except, that is, into the streets.

No sooner had the students marched out in protest than they were joined by the youth who were on the streets already, to be followed shortly afterward by what looked very nearly like the whole population of Casablanca. Burning cars, overturning busses, breaking windows, heaving cobblestones, the mobs stampeded through the city, completely beyond police control. By the next afternoon, the rioting had spread to Marrakesh, Meknes, Rabat, and Fez, and barricades had been flung up in Casablanca's old city, the Medina. The king sent in his army and the troops opened fire, killing four hundred men, women, and children and wounding a thousand others.

It was not quite a revolutionary situation, though it might have been. The UMT did call a general strike after the shooting started, but carefully limited the walkout to one afternoon. "We could have stayed out a week or more, the way our people were feeling," the UMT's general secretary, Mahjoub Ben Seddik, told me later. "But where would that have led?" As he knew, it might easily have led to a full-blown institutional crisis that he was neither prepared for nor wanted.

Nevertheless, as least some of the rioters had called the monarchy into question for the first time in living memory. Brushing aside Premier Ahmed Bahnini's lame assertion that they were foreign *provocateurs*, Hassan took to the radio for a remarkable talk with his subjects. Speaking in the broadest Arab vernacular and using the intimate "thou," he conceded at once that the rioting had reflected a popular discontent both justified and understandable. But the manner of expressing it, he added, was unworthy of the Moroccans' history and genius.

"I cannot permit the law of the jungle to prevail in our civilized country," he went on. "I have personally put at your disposal all the legal means to express your needs: freedom of speech, press, and assembly, a plurality of parties and trade unions, a constitution and parliament. It is unthinkable that children should have been pushed into vandalism and pillage. Is that the way you want to educate your sons? I warn you that once taught to profane the dignity of others, they will not respect you either. As for you professors, intellectuals, do you lack the courage to speak for yourselves instead of hiding behind your pupils? Why did you close the schools and send them into the streets, instead of going out yourselves? Where is your bravery and commonsense? These are not the acts of a thinking intellectual . . . you would be better off illiterate."

Education, unemployment, and hunger were grave problems, Hassan continued, and he would make no lying promises about a brilliant future. The "bitter reality" would require hard work from everybody, particularly those chosen by the people to represent them in parliament. "To you, members of parliament," he concluded, "I say: enough of your hollow speeches and vain words. Stop saying things you don't believe yourselves. Stop brandishing slogans about this or that reform, for most of you are totally ignorant of what you're talking about. The essential for each of you has been flattery, not a concern for the general welfare. I myself believe firmly in democracy, but I doubt your faith in it. For if you were conscientious democrats you would not have wasted time in your banalities but would rather have given us laws. In the third year of our constitutional experiment, the Official Bulletin has published only three laws. Who is responsible? The author of the constitution? Those who adopted it by referendum? No, and no again. It is those who apply it."

Nieces and Nephews

The issue could hardly have been put more succinctly, if not for one important omission. While Hassan's dilatory parliament can certainly be blamed for this depressing state of affairs, the parliament could have been prodded into action by cabinet ministers whom he is free to appoint and dismiss at will. In the end, responsibility for the Moroccans' suffering lies squarely with the king himself.

Actually, the king is none too free either. Heavy demands are made upon him from all sides: the army, on which the security of the throne depends; the Istiqlal, whose long arm reaches into the court and state bureaucracy at every level; the wealthy pashas with daughters to be married off properly, sons to be placed in suitable positions, and vast estates to protect (the heirs of El Glaoui, the late Pasha of Marrakesh, own thirty-five thousand acres); and the ubiquitous royal family of

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brothers, sisters, uncles, cousins who, especially when it comes to financial matters, will not yield a finger's breadth of their royal prerogatives.

If Hassan is blocked at every turn, it is often by members of his household. There is scarcely an enterprise worth mentioning here where some relative of his does not hold either a director's seat or a large block of shares. Even the state-owned phosphate mines, whose exports run to $91 million a year—a quarter of Morocco's total—are subcontracted to a private company in which a brother of Hassan's is a major stockholder. With such illustrious examples before them, few cabinet ministers can resist any chance to feather their own nests. While the *fellaheen,* for instance, are still waiting for the government to distribute the 250,000 hectares of land confiscated from the *colons,* at least two cabinet ministers are known to have bought up several thousand hectares of this land privately, with credit from state banks. Dozens of *fellaheen* who used to own that land are still alive to see it pass from the hands of the French, who took it away from them twenty or thirty years ago.

Whether or not Hassan knows of all this (and his courtiers don't always tell him), he cannot afford to let it go on much longer. Popular as he is, he does not personally inspire the almost mystical reverance his father did, and his people have grown more demanding. The Casablanca riots have given him shocking proof of urban unrest, and even the *fellaheen,* the most loyal and least volatile of his subjects, are showing an unexpected flash of spirit. Not only have 100,000 of them joined the UMT's agrarian union, but they staged an unprecedented strike for higher wages during the last harvest —and won it, what's more. Unless he is prepared to fall back on the army, adding another police-state to the long African list, he will have to come up very soon with a more effective and representative government.

THE ARMY itself would much prefer the first solution. It began to think in these terms in 1963, shortly after the voters had gone to the polls for the first time and directly after the discovery of a plot by an extremist group in the UNFP to assassinate the king. For either or both reasons, high army officers evidently felt that the monarchy was overexposed in its novel constitutional setting. Since then, their suspicions have grown. The alleged ringleader of the plot, Mehdi Ben Barka, has been extremely active in Algeria, where Ben Bella has helped him train Moroccan commandos for an eventual insurrection. Sixty of them were caught, loaded with arms and ammunition, as they crossed over into Morocco from the Algerian Sahara last summer. Fourteen were executed soon after the Casablanca riots.

The very fact that Ben Barka's agents had nothing to do with the riots has only added to the army's anxiety. Deeply worried by the licentious popular mood, it has insisted on an ever-greater role in the administration: seven of the sixteen provincial governors are now regular

army officers, three more are reservists, and three hundred junior officers are detailed to the Ministry of Interior for service in the provincial governments. They would be more than willing to enlarge on these services if Hassan should choose to call on them.

Committed as he is to his democratic experiment, the king would surely regard this as an ignoble defeat. Rather than accept it, he has been trying since March to correct an obvious and possibly fatal flaw in the experiment: his own reluctance, after giving his people all the equipment for a democratic government, to let them use it. His qualms have been justified. None of the existing parties, from the noisy and narrow-minded Istiqlal to the court-ridden FDIC and its minor satellites to the erratic leftwing UNFP, could inspire his full confidence; and few premiers since 1955 have shown an aptitude for energetic and honest leadership. The only one of modest promise was the UNFP's Abdallah Ibrahim, who stepped on so many palace (and French) toes that Mohammed V turned him out in less than two years. The question is whether Hassan can find the fortitude to recall him—or somebody like him.

He has already made some overtures, first by pardoning several dozen UNFP members imprisoned since the 1963 conspiracy, then by opening discreet negotiations with the UNFP for a government of "national union." But the going has not been easy. The party's present leaders, representing a quarter of the electorate, are by no means as fanatic as the exiled Ben Barka, and would welcome a chance to influence government policy. But Ibrahim refuses to join a cabinet without a clear understanding that the king will merely reign, while an independent government governs. "Anything short of that," he told me, "would simply mean doing things as they've been done for nine years—not better and faster than the French, as we'd hoped, but worse and incredibly slowly."

Ibrahim is fully supported in this by his trade-union friends in the UMT, the only organization with deep popular roots in the country. "We cannot go on with a king and premier all in one," says Ben Seddik. "His majesty has held back from making the decisive change for fear of breaking too many eggs. But now that so many heads have been broken, he must not hesitate any longer. If he fails, the future is written in heaven."

Non-Alignment Moroccan Style

Several people, starting with his radical neighbor Ben Bella, would love to see Hassan fail. What rankles, for the Algerian leader and the fast political set he moves in, is not only the survival of a monarchy here but the present monarch's foreign policy. Mohammed V, profoundly affected by the Algerian war, had turned sharply leftward in 1960, pulling the most extreme of Africa's nationalist states—the UAR, Mali, Guinea, Ghana, and Algerian FLN—into what was known as the Casablanca Group. The group is defunct now, since Hassan has been moving in just the opposite direction. Neither the king nor his exceptionally able foreign minister, Ahmed Taibi Ben Hima,

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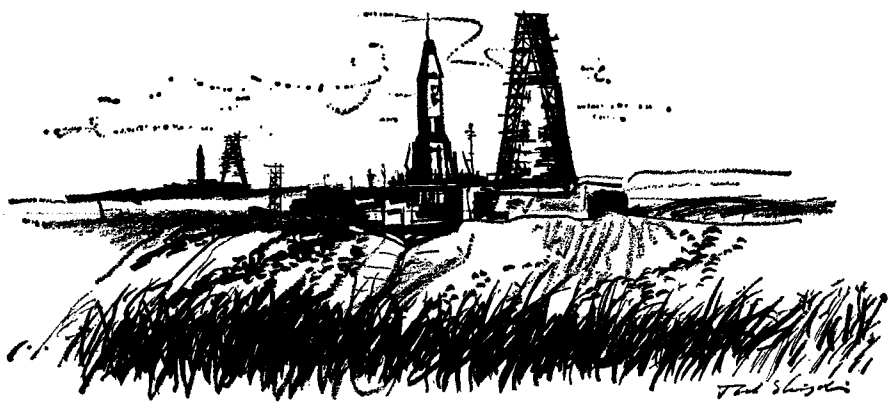
cares for the distorted Ben Bella-Nasser version of nonalignment nor do they appreciate the bullying methods used by these two dictators in Africa and elsewhere. "The fact that we Africans have a third of the votes in the U.N. Assembly doesn't give us the automatic right to throw our weight around," says Ben Hima. "We cannot count in the world, and we should not, until each of us has learned to be master in his own house."

In keeping with this principle, Moroccan foreign policy has been sensible and restrained. Despite an occasional wistful glance at Mauretania, which the Istiqlal insists should be part of a Greater Morocco, Hassan and his foreign minister refrain meticulously from interfering in the affairs of other African states; and in the Organization for African Unity, they strongly oppose interference from other quarters. Their position is moderate in the Arab League, where they recently refused to follow Nasser in breaking with West Germany over Israel. They have also refused to play the Third World neutrality game according to the Ben Bella-Nasser pro-Communist rules. They have sided respectively with East and West in the U.N. according to the point at issue; and while their relations with the Communist states are cordial, the Russian and Red Chinese embassies in Rabat are expected to remain within the bounds of diplomatic protocol, and they do. The example they set may be mocked in Algiers and Cairo, but it is level-headed enough to win growing respect in most other African capitals.

It is also rare enough to merit warm American interest in the future of Hassan and his monarchy. The French are interested too, of course, particularly since they have $3 billion invested here (whereas our own private investments are negligible). But the *colons* are leaving now, and with the future so uncertain when they have gone, Hassan is particularly anxious to avoid overdependence on France. More and more lately, he has been turning to the United States for money, advice, and comprehension. He certainly needs it all, if only because of what might happen to Morocco if he fails.



The Case for Man in Space

S. FRED SINGER

In President Johnson's budget request to Congress for fiscal 1966, there is an item of $150 million for the Defense Department to initiate the development of a manned orbiting laboratory—a program known as MOL. Presumably Congress will appropriate the money, but the decision to spend the funds will be made by Secretary Robert S. McNamara only after a study to show whether the MOL program can produce something of military value. It now appears likely that such value will be adequately demonstrated, although the applications will be defensive rather than offensive. Thus within a few weeks the so-called preprogram definition phase will be entered; hardware, rockets, and reentry capsules will be selected; and the United States will have a second manned space program, this one concentrating on orbiting space stations rather than on exploration of the moon.

Like the civilian program, manned space flight for military purposes may be expected to come under attack from a variety of critics—of whom some have objected to manned space flight on principle as being wasteful and frivolous, and others have simply attempted to counter the exaggerated claims made by the proponents of man in space in the past. Given the amount of money, emotion, and scientific uncertainty involved, the argument over the relative usefulness of men versus instruments in space is necessarily a complicated one. But seven years after the first successful American space shot, it is possible to take stock of what is now known about the military, scientific, and social value of these controversial programs.

The Competing Robot

In 1957, when rockets originally built for ballistic missiles proved adequate to put small unmanned instrumented satellites into orbit, the proponents of manned space flight seemed to have lost out. Instrumented satellites were gradually getting larger and more sophisticated—they could orient themselves in space, remember and follow instructions, record their observations, and release them on command; they became robots with supersensitive instruments far exceeding the capabilities of the human senses; they could explore the whole wavelength range of the electromagnetic spectrum from the ultra-short X rays to the long radio waves, and not just the visible range to which the human eye is sensitive. Above all, they could observe and record day after day without becoming tired, dulled, bored, and inaccurate. To many scientists and technologists, manned space flight seemed superfluous and needlessly expensive.

There was, however, an incon-

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gruous grouping that did promote manned space flight. First there were the pioneers of the Wernher Von Braun or "Mount Everest is there" school. Then there were geopoliticians who correctly estimated the impact that manned space flight would have on the imagination of the public and who viewed the space race as a less expensive means of international competition than an arms race or an armed contest. Finally there were those, especially in the military, who claimed that man could perform functions that instruments could not achieve, and who, although not quite sure of just what man could do, kept pressing for man in space as a high-priority goal.

It was a combination of these arguments with a heavy weighting of politics and prestige (and partly to buy insurance on the military side) that prompted President Kennedy to establish the manned lunar landing, Project Apollo, as a national goal in 1961. But since the Apollo Project was first announced, there have been some highly significant changes in arguments, both by its proponents and its opponents.

No High Ground

In the beginning, there were a good many military people who deplored the Apollo Project on the basis that it was taking priority over a space program geared to our defense needs. Over the past few years, however, the thinking on what those needs were has been drastically altered. Only two years ago there were still plenty of people in the Pentagon clamoring for a program of nuclear weapons in orbit to assure what they called the "military domination of space." To be sure, Senator Barry Goldwater was strongly influenced by these views as recently as the 1964 campaign, and General Thomas S. Power, whose *Design for Survival* has just been published, continues to warn of the possibility of nuclear-armed Soviet satellites "floating in stationary orbits over every part of the United States." General Curtis LeMay, who recently retired, still worries in his public addresses about the Soviet Union's capability of delivering strategic weapons from near space. Such arguments, of course, ignore some fairly obvious scientific truths. If a bomb is released from a satellite without giving it any propulsion, it will stay with the satellite and simply blow it up. For a bomb from a satellite to be directed to a point on earth, it must be propelled not only with a lot of rocket power but also with exceedingly fine guidance. In principle, this can be done from a satellite or from the moon or even from the planet Pluto; but the cost and complexity is enormously greater than that of an equally effective ICBM buried deep in the earth itself.

Gradually the notion that the military uses of space are hard to define has been brought home, and generals no longer allude to them so readily. For instance, the outstanding proponent of the military role in space, General Bernard A. Schriever, nowadays is somewhat tentative in his approach to the subject. "United States military capabilities in space must insure that no nation achieves a position in space which threatens the security of the United States," he said recently, concluding only that "it is necessary to investigate the military potential of space systems. . . ." Indeed, even those hardy old generals, no doubt schooled in artillery, who a few years ago were talking about building a fortified position on the moon from which to bombard the earth have finally realized that even though the moon is the "high ground," this does not make it any less vulnerable. For that matter, a bomb in a satellite is more exposed and can be more easily eliminated than the same bomb placed in a Polaris submarine.

A TREMENDOUS JOB of internal education has been done by the Defense Department, especially within the past two years. There has been no outright cutoff of the military space program, but such projects as the Dynasoar manned orbital glider and the infrared missile-warning satellite have been terminated—in some cases after considerable funds had already been spent. More recently, managers in Defense have been able to delay the "projectizing" of new programs by first studying the subject to death. In treading this very thin line, the department has cut off expensive but highly questionable projects and simultaneously staved off an internal revolt—so far.

The usefulness to military operations inherent in satellites for navigation, for communications, and for surveillance has become fairly obvious. At the same time, these operations do not violate the U.N. resolution of December, 1961, outlawing aggressive uses of outer space. What has been much more difficult to establish—what, in fact, is still not proved—is the military value of a man operating in space. The most intensive study effort is at present concentrated on this point.

One factor against the operational use of man on a round-the-clock basis is his extreme vulnerability to radiation. A potential enemy could eliminate the man by exploding a small nuclear device some distance away, probably without harming the satellite itself and the instruments within it. The biological material of man, composed as it is of long-chain molecules, is so fragile and sensitive to radiation that it can be destroyed by radiation doses 10,000 times lower than those needed to destroy the most sensitive piece of electronic material. This fact, coupled with our uncertainty concerning the physiological performance of man in the gravityless space environment, makes the job of assessing man's military value extremely difficult. And the sooner man is put into the space environment, whether on the lunar or the orbital missions now being planned, the sooner we shall have at least a partial answer.

Apollo's 'Spin-offs'

Within the political and scientific communities, it is the civilian space program—particularly manned space flights—that has drawn the heaviest criticism. Former President Eisenhower, for example, has characterized the Apollo Project as a "mad effort to win a stunt race." Senator William Proxmire (D., Wisconsin) has spoken for those who see the space program as a squandering of our scientific talent. Senator William Fulbright (D., Arkansas) has regretted the expenditures as taking funds from more urgent earthly programs; and any number of scientists have argued that manned space flight will add less than instrumented flight to our scientific knowledge.

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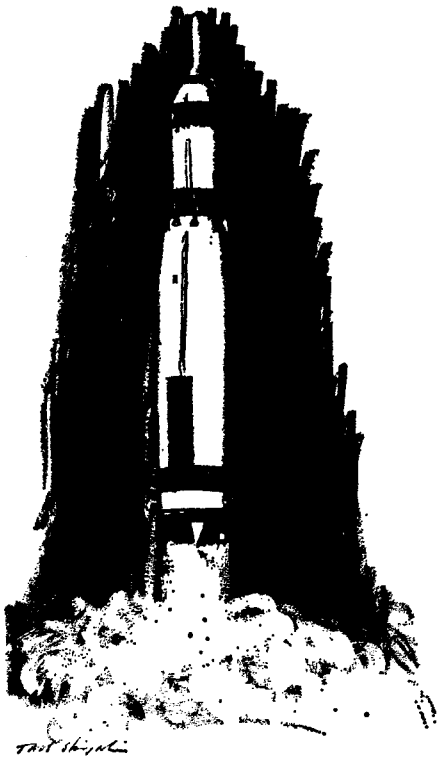
Can the critics be answered? Administrator James E. Webb of NASA, in defending the civilian space program, has argued that rather than squandering scientists, it has had a tremendous impact on advanced education, particularly in the sciences. NASA's sustaining university program, for instance, is eventually expected to assist in the training of one thousand Ph.D.s a year to provide highly qualified persons who will be needed not only in space science but also for other scientific-technical endeavors.

Nor is there any evidence in support of the Proxmire thesis—namely that the expenditures on space science have actually resulted in any de-emphasis of other scientific fields on an absolute basis. On the contrary, a wide range of scientific disciplines, some only remotely space-related, have benefited. The manned space program has actually spawned new developments in the biological and behavioral sciences.

Again, while the direct applications of space-technology inventions are being questioned as to their benefit to industries that are not space-oriented, one of the most important "spin-offs," although seldom pointed out explicitly, has been in the production of skilled managers. Running a space project is several orders of magnitude more difficult than the usual type of industrial operation and has led to management techniques involving advanced scheduling methods, mathematical simulation techniques, linear programming, operations research, cost/benefit studies—in general, quantitative assessment of the factors that up to now have been handled largely by intuition. All of this has bred a new kind of professional who can carry over this training to make civilian operations more efficient or into such large-scale peaceful projects as nuclear desalinization, transportation systems, or urban planning.

Furthermore, the space program is increasing our technological potential. One should consider it a resource fully as important as raw materials and productive capacity. Perhaps only a small fraction of the investment will benefit the civilian economy immediately, but all evidence points to a valuable long-term investment. A good example is the experience of the ComSat Corporation as it begins to construct the satellite world communications system; it will turn to American industry, where competence has already been developed through government-financed research. Not all of the investment will be paid back to the government in terms of identifiable tax dollars. For example, the benefits to agriculture and transportation alone from the new operational weather-satellite system are difficult to measure but are bound to be reflected in an increased gross national product and tax revenues.



PROBABLY the most telling attacks on the manned space program have come from scientists themselves, some within NASA, who are involved in the unmanned—or instrumented—satellite programs and who question the need for adding a man, plus the expense of providing for him, to our projects. The best answer seems to be that there is a place for instruments and a place for man, since it is nearly impossible to replace the human factor in an exploring situation. Many scientists have adopted as a rule of thumb that you can design an instrument if you know what you're going to measure. Conversely, if you don't know what to expect, then the design of the instrument presents certain difficulties. This dilemma is being brought home in the discussions going on among a select scientific group on how to design an instrument to determine whether life exists on Mars. This instrument would have to descend to the surface of Mars and then perform certain operations; but just which operations or which measurements could ascertain the existence of a form of life have not been resolved.

Then there is the moon. In many respects it is a very unusual satellite when compared with the moons of other planets. How unusual it is will become known only when we examine it at first hand. The analysis of its surface and of its deeper rock layers may hold the key not only to the origin of the moon but also to the whole problem of the origin of the earth and the solar system. The quality of the TV pictures from the Ranger probes keeps on improving, but in spite of these pictures a multiplicity of interpretations of the lunar surface is still with us. The question of whether all the features are due to impacts of meteorites or to volcanism, or to some combination of the two; the question of the existence of permafrost under the surface of the moon, or even of glaciers in regions protected from the sun; the actual nature of the moon's surface, whether there is any bare rock, the thickness of the dust layer, whether it is puffed-up lava or rubble produced by the constant impact of meteor projectiles—none of these has been finally settled.

If one faces up to the problem of designing a single set of instruments to solve all these problems, and perhaps others that are not yet so clearly defined, one comes up against the fact that the sum total of these instruments is going to be very heavy and very expensive to transport. If one adds to this the need for a chemical analysis of lunar rock from various regions and from various depths and specifies that these samples have to be properly selected and brought back for the detailed analysis that can only be performed in the laboratory, then the manned lunar program does not seem too ex-

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travagant in comparison. Maybe it proves a recent axiom: "Man is the lowest-cost, 150-pound, nonlinear, all-purpose computing system which can be mass-produced by unskilled labor."

The Proper Study of Man

At the present time the Apollo Project seems to be safe, although possibly behind schedule. Guiding it to a successful conclusion, however, involves more than technical skill and good engineering. It involves adroit maneuvering. Any public admission that the project may be allowed to run behind schedule is likely to bring demands for cuts in the rate of spending. Certainly the rate of spending is going to be reduced if the project can be stretched out.

But with the moon-landing project now a national commitment, the question is being asked, Where next? One answer has been given by the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences, which points toward Mars as the next object for intensive investigation by instrumented, unmanned probes. But there are good scientific reasons, as well as economic and perhaps even military arguments, for the construction of manned orbiting space stations instead. The Mercury Program has provided the basic equipment for a manned orbital laboratory: a booster rocket and a re-entry capsule. The Gemini Program has extended this into a two-man capsule. The Apollo hardware provides a three-man reentry capsule and a very large booster rocket adequate to carry a lunar excursion module; this could be replaced by a quite adequate laboratory section.

With these components in hand, one could therefore think of carrying out programs with manned orbiting platforms. And indeed, planners both in NASA and in the Defense Department are concerned now with finding suitable missions and applications.

The study of man himself, his basic physiological reactions as well as his ability to carry out certain jobs in the space environment, is probably the most important thing that could be done in a manned orbiting laboratory. The effects of long periods of weightlessness are entirely unknown. The whole range of physiological and psychological responses would have to be explored. In this connection it would be essential to have two or more men in orbit so that they could observe and analyze each other.

It is likely that there will be some significant physiological changes, as yet unanticipated. The problem would be to explain why these effects occur and which aspect of the space environment is responsible for these changes. The final step would be to see if these changes can be exploited in some manner. They may turn out to be beneficial, they may even be therapeutic—we simply do not know at this stage.

Missing Links

We are on a firmer basis when we try to predict the usefulness of a manned orbiting platform for astronomical observations, but especially for surveillance of everything below the satellite: the earth's land and ocean surfaces, the atmosphere and everything contained within the atmosphere, such as dust and droplets, clouds, water vapor, ozone, and other gases.

The example of weather satellites may be the most significant one to consider, also because weather observations are likely to bring the greatest economic return. The United States now has an operational weather-satellite system (unmanned), based on a modification of the Tiros research satellite, but the initial capability of the system is crude indeed. It will merely identify the existence of clouds with a precision of one or two miles, and it will be able to do this only during daytime. But in theory technology can do much better: not only determine the types of clouds, their altitudes and properties, the distribution by day and night, the size of water droplets, and the existence of precipitation, but also measure winds and temperatures at various atmospheric levels, the amount and distribution of water vapor in the atmosphere, and even determine the state of the ocean surface, the height of waves, the distribution of snow, its thickness and degree of melting and the distribution of ice, its thickness and condition of breakup, the moisture content of soils, the state of crops.

The list of applications is impressive. But developing the proper instrumentation is a long and tedious job if done with conventional unmanned satellites. The use of a man could shorten the development time, changing it from something like fifteen to twenty years to perhaps only three to five years.

There is little question that a manned platform can play the leading role in the development of appropriate satellite instrumentation, which would then be used in a future weather-satellite system. It would save a considerable amount of time and money and yield a better instrument to have both a man and an instrument in space during the early phases of development. Only a man can efficiently make the proper adjustments, settings, and calibrations, and then focus a number of instruments at the same time on a given phenomenon.

One might argue, of course, that a robot could do as well as a man; it would be controlled from the ground on the basis of readings of the satellite instruments. But there is an important factor that is usually overlooked: complex robots have a limited reliability; and beyond a certain level of complication, adding more links to the loop reduces reliability and shoots up the cost of maintaining an operating system too rapidly to make it worthwhile.

This fact has been demonstrated for weather-satellite systems by an elaborate mathematical analysis, but it holds for any operating system that cannot repair itself. One either has to provide costly redundancy or replace the whole system if a vital part fails. It is at this stage that man is most useful: his versatility represents a possible solution, in terms of cost, to operating a really complicated satellite system, because a man can adjust, calibrate, and even repair.

THESE, then, are some of the tasks that make manned space flight mandatory. There are a few cases where a man merely presents a cheaper and more reliable alternative to a computerized robot. But there are also the situations and missions that use man's capabilities to the fullest: as an explorer, as an experimenter, and as the subject for experimentation. His military value in space remains to be investigated, but his scientific value is assured.

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Santo Domingo's Activist Adventurers

MAX CLOS

SANTO DOMINGO

FROM THE OUTSET of the civil war in the Dominican Republic, there have been three entirely different categories of fighters on the rebel side, each waging its own struggle for its own motives. There are the armed groups of the left-wing organizations; there are the civilians who have taken up arms in the name of the deposed president, Juan Bosch; and finally there is a small group of professional soldiers who are entirely different from the others—the unit of frogmen which rallied around Colonel Montes Arache. They wear camouflage-patterned uniforms, have the best weapons (most of them taken from U.S. soldiers), and ride in American jeeps draped with Dominican flags. They are a kind of elite corps, the spearhead of the forces of Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deño. Theirs is a personal war, a fast war of swift blows dealt by a dozen men who strike, then immediately withdraw to strike elsewhere. The group is dangerous because it is well-trained and the men crave danger. The fact is that these activists have not the slightest desire for a peaceful accommodation. It is more likely that, in the face of Caamaño's orders, they have been deliberately provoking the Americans.

Colonel Montes Arache is minister of national defense in Caamaño's government. He is a fighting minister who never sits in his office and is usually to be found where the shooting is going on. The sixty frogmen are with Colonel Montes Arache because they respect him and would follow him to the end of the world.

Chief among Montes Arache's lieutenants is a Frenchman who is rated fourth on the list of the rebel military command drawn up by the rival "government" of General Antonio Imbert Barreras. His name is André Rivière and he is very popular in the Ciudad Nueva, Colonel Caamaño's stronghold in downtown Santo Domingo. He is thirty-eight, of average height, and wiry; he has sharp features and piercing black eyes in a sun-tanned face. Rivière is the very image of the adventurer and soldier of fortune, which is just what he is although he himself seems unaware of it. For the past fifteen years, his life has been a series of wild adventures, which does not prevent him from explaining to me every time I meet him: "I'm not so young any more. It's about time I thought of settling down. I'm tired of doing crazy things. If you only knew how I long to live quietly."

RIVIERE who had no particular reason to get involved in this war rallied behind Montes Arache because he admires him. "He's a swell guy," he explained, emphasizing his words with a gesture of the raised thumb. Three former members of the French Foreign Legion went along with Rivière because they are his friends. One of them, an Italian named Capocci, was killed on May 19, together with Colonel Rafael Fernández Dominguez, Caamaño's minister of the interior, in a raid on the National Palace occupied by Imbert's forces. Capocci, a former major in the Italian army, was fifty-two years old, and his greatest pride was that he could swim longer than

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most of the young frogmen serving under Montes Arache. According to published reports, he called himself a fascist and said that he had served

with the Luftwaffe during the last war as a member of a sabotage team. In 1958 he was hired by Trujillo to set up a school for parachutists. Colonel Caamaño appointed him chief of his bodyguard. Capocci, according to those who knew him, remained a bitter anti-Communist to the end. He was quoted as saying: "As far as I am concerned, if I find any Communists I will kill them. There are maybe three hundred of them in Santo Domingo and they have no business here."

The main point to grasp is that these men are not bound together by any political idea. They constitute another example of an odd feature of all revolutionary wars—a group of men whose allegiance to one side was dictated almost by chance. They have in common only a regard for courage and for personal loyalty. I have seen the same in many other places: In Katanga among the extreme right-wing Frenchmen serving with Tshombe's forces, and in Algeria among foreign legionaries of the Secret Army Organization who hated the "pieds-noirs." Today in Santo Domingo, Montes Arache and Rivière are pitted against United States troops, although Montes Arache is a professional officer who abhors disorder and is rather cool towards the "people in arms" who joined Caamaño.

Rivière has been dubbed a Communist. Nothing could be sillier: he is if anything a man of the Right, almost a fascist. He left the French army in 1954 because he belonged to that group of officers who felt humiliated by the French defeat in Indochina, and who laid the blame for the disaster on the French political leaders. In their view, the only way out was to get rid of debilitating democracy and set up a strong régime. These were the men who later formed the shock-troops of the Secret Army Organization in Algeria. Such men always go the whole way in whatever they do; they also always live in high style. They seldom become deeply attached to women. All the attachment, affection, and loyalty they are capable of go to the men who fight by their side.

Rivière is fighting against Americans, although he has not the slightest animosity toward them, and on behalf of Dominicans for whom he really has little use. He has no illusions: he knows the revolutionists are quite capable of disposing of him should he one day prove an embarrassment to them. But that does not matter. Only one thing matters to Rivière—he has enlisted with Montes Arache and he will see the thing through.

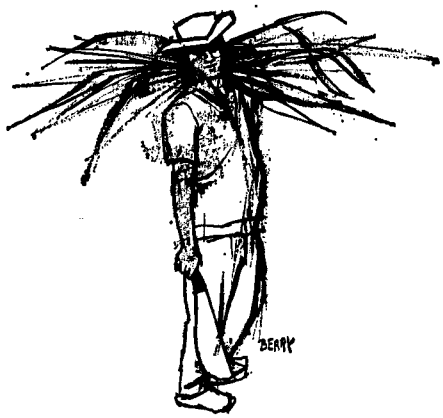
A Professional Job

Montes Arache and Rivière might be called fighters for the fight's sake, and at times there has been a certain coolness between their group and Caamaño. I used to see Montes Arache every day, but at one point he sent word to me that from now on he was forbidden to talk to newspapermen. At staff headquarters, Caamaño's office was for a while cut off from Montes Arache's and the defense minister was protected by his own bodyguards. While Montes Arache plays a minor role in the political leadership of the revolution, Rivière plays none at all. Rivière business is fighting and he has rendered priceless services to Caamaño, primarily by devising the commando tactics.

Romantic and anarchist Rivière may be, but he also likes organization and efficiency. His first reaction at the start of the revolution was to control and provide leaders for the armed mob. Under Rivière's leadership the men were organized in units of twenty-five under a commanding officer. Some of the latter were professional soldiers, many others just men who had shown leadership qualities. Weapons also had to be improvised. Civilians are afraid of armored vehicles, for they cannot neutralize them with rifles or grenades. The people's perfect weapon against tanks and armored vehicles is the Molotov cocktail. Rivière equipped Caamaño's combat groups with some made from beer bottles, gasoline, and a plain wick. Results at first were often catastrophic when bottles exploded prematurely. The bombs still are being made with beer bottles, but the gas is now blended with potassium chlorate that slows down combustion. Rivière told me, "I have those things all over the place, on all the roofs. If the others attack, they'll get thousands of cocktails over their heads."

I HAVE ASKED Rivière time and again how and especially why he enlisted on the side of the revolution. That kind of question puzzles him. His answer is, "Because all the decent guys I know around here are on the side of the people and all the swine are with Imbert."

Rivière and another Frenchman whose name I cannot reveal—let us call him Dupont—arrived in Santo Domingo in 1963 after a stormy career in various Latin American countries. Ten years ago, Rivière started out as a representative for two arms factories: Herstall, a Belgian firm, and the Fabrique d'Armes du Léman, a Swiss one. Then he entered into partnership with Dupont in a business for salvaging sunken ships. They worked in Haiti and later in the Dominican Republic. Their firm was called, "Sirena," and their ad-



vertisement ran as follows: "Surface and deep-sea operations. Repairs and rescue work. Photography, movies,

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and television. Diving school." "But the awful thing in Latin America," Rivière lamented, "is creeping corruption. You just can't make an honest living. Every time you want to do something, you've got to bribe one or more officials, and when the job is a big one you've got to share with the minister. In my deep-sea diving business I've found only one clean guy, Montes Arache."

That was stage one: the tie of respect and friendship. Stage two was chance. On April 24, when the coup began, Rivière and Dupont were not on the inside. They simply saw a mob dash into the streets, and then the junta's planes attacked, leaving scores of dead in their wake. They both felt a surge of anger at the slaughter and offered their services to the rebels—advice on where to place the guns, the organization of combat squads, and how to make Molotov cocktails. On Sunday, Colonel Montes Arache and his group joined the revolutionary forces and they in turn joined him. "In the beginning," Rivière said, "I just did a few odd jobs: we repaired broken down radios, I translated some papers from English into Spanish. Then little by little I got dragged in."

The turning point was Wednesday, April 28, when the first U.S. Marines landed in the back of the Hotel Embajador. "I have nothing against the Americans, and the marines are good guys," Rivière told me, "but I thought it just wasn't fair. They had no right to intervene." That was stage three: the reaction of a man who feels the game was not played fairly. To Rivière, the cards were stacked in favor of General Elias Wessín y Wessín, then head of the military junta opposing Caamaño. "Wessin had his tanks and his planes. With guts he could have taken care of himself. At that time, we had very few weapons and were not properly organized at all."

The Haitian Involvement

One more fact helps explain Rivière's strange personality. In 1960 he and Dupont got a contract for refloating a sunken ship along the Haitian coast. They started the operation with a Haitian who was arrested, tortured, and murdered by President François Duvalier's gunmen, the notorious *tontons-macoutes*. Since then Rivière and Dupont have been working to overthrow Duvalier and that was the true reason for their settling in the Dominican Republic. They planned to enlist exiled Haitians, train and equip them as a commando corps, and stage a surprise landing in a Haitian city, either Port-au-Prince, the capital, or the port of Cap-Haïtien on the northern coast. They found the men: there are enough young Haitians in Santo Domingo who hate Duvalier. They set up two training camps on the San Cristobal road for a total of two hundred men. Three things, however, were lacking: money, weapons, and United States support. What money they did get came from the United States through an international relief organization. In the meantime, Rivière's men were getting only five pesos a day and a rice ration. They had very few weapons. Then one day an inspector from the relief agency arrived and was appalled at the pitiful state of the training camp. It was discovered that the money, $10,000 a month, was being sent to a former Haitian politician, a foe of Duvalier who lived in Santo Domingo and who Rivière claimed pocketed most of it.

Rivière and Dupont made a big fuss, whereupon the politician accused them of being Communists. This fitted in with CIA suspicions. Since 1960 Rivière claims to have been in close contact with the CIA. The Americans, he told me, were sympathetic towards his anti-Duvalier organization and were prepared to help under two conditions: Rivière was to place his group under the close supervision of a CIA officer, and he was to take no action until he got the green light. Quite properly, the Americans did not want to start a revolution in Haiti before having a man ready to assume power. Rivière rejected both conditions, which surprised and worried the CIA. Rivière put it this way: "They asked me for whom I did work since I refused to co-operate with them. They were bent on finding out what my interest in the deal was. They never believed I wanted nothing for myself and cared only about cleaning up the Duvalier mess."

RIGHT NOW Rivière is a tired man. He has lost fifteen pounds, is able to work only by dosing himself constantly with stimulants, but he is happy. He does not dwell too much on the future. He only cares about holding out, staying with his comrades, and keeping up the fight. "If the other side wants to tackle us," he said, "they are in for some unpleasant surprises."

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Thailand: Peking's New Front

DENIS WARNER

BANGKOK

LAST December 8, the Voice of the People of Thailand, now believed to be operating from North Vietnam, made a new contribution to the babel of propaganda that fills the Southeast Asian air. A newscast reported that an organization calling itself the Thailand Independence Movement had issued a manifesto urging the Thais to "drive the U.S. imperialist aggressors out of Thailand and to overthrow the traitorous, despotic Thanom government." On New Year's Day the movement changed its name to the Thailand Patriotic Front and issued another manifesto advocating a "relentless struggle against the enemies of our nation." While the credentials of neither the movement nor the front were specified, the sponsorship was never in doubt: both Peking Radio and the *Peking Review*, Communist China's two principal propaganda outlets, gave significant advance notice of this nascent "war of national liberation."

That there was more to these announcements than mere propaganda quickly became apparent. The Thai government had long been aware that Communist Pathet Lao agents frequently crossed the Mekong from Laos to stir up anti-government and separatist feelings among the people of the northeast, who have much in common with the Laotians. But its own large-scale economic development program and intensified relief and welfare campaigns were thought to have taken the edge off the Communist efforts. Instead, shocked officials now discovered all the classic indicators of an incipient insurgency situation in the Nakae District of Nakhon Phanom Province in the northeast. Cadres were found to have been at work in the villages, organizing cells, building training sites, and even arranging weapons instruction. The sort of assassinations that had marked the Vietcong transition from subversion to armed attack in South Vietnam had also begun, though on a smaller scale and confined to a limited area. But the killing pattern was all too familiar: nine persons, including a schoolteacher, a government worker, a village headman, and police informers, had died before the Thai authorities recognized what was happening.

To Bangkok's dismay, the Communists had apparently made a tentative attempt to create a "liberated" area in the same location as two of the government's most highly regarded counterinsurgency programs, one involving a multi-ministerial Community Development Unit team and the other the Royal Thai Army's special operations center.

Second Thoughts

Not only was the government caught napping; it was also inept in coping with the situation. Instead of trying to catch the conspirators, it simply shooed them off. On the morning that countermeasures were to be taken, the army radio appealed to the would-be insurgents to cross the Mekong into Laos and leave Thailand alone; when the security forces swept through, of course the birds had flown, or simply gone into hiding.

While Bangkok was ruefully concluding that the problem of subversion could not be solved by sweeping it under the rug or into the neighbor's back yard, Liao Cheng-chih, chairman of the Overseas Chinese Affairs Commission and a key man in directing Communist activities abroad, announced that it was China's "unshirkable obligation" to support the "struggle of the people" of Thailand. Large-scale Chinese purchases of Thai currency in Hong Kong and the arrival in Peking of members of the central committee of the Thailand Patriotic Front raised new fears that attempts to foment insurgency were imminent. In March there were more alarms when a number of highway robberies occurred throughout the northeast. Major-General Pote Bhehanand, commander of the Special (political) Branch of the police, and General Prasert Ruchirawong, his director-general, issued press statements which strongly implied that the highway robberies were part of the Communist plot to seize Thailand.

Even chronic Malaysian complaints that some five hundred to seven hundred armed members of the Malayan Communist Party had turned the four southern and predominantly Malay provinces of Thailand into a privileged sanctuary began to be taken seriously. Kuala Lumpur's fears about Communist subversion in this region had been long overlooked, but the discovery there of a recently abandoned training camp for more than two hundred men brought some belated second thoughts, and an agreement to set up a joint Malaysian-Thai authority for border operations.

While there is a new awareness of the danger, it is still doubtful whether there is a full understanding of it. The Thais officially concede the existence of the Patriotic Front but have not succeeded in penetrating it. In fact, the first real information about the membership of its central committee came when Lieutenant Phayom Chulanot, described as a "representative of the Thailand Patriotic Front stationed abroad," and Mon Kon Nanakon, a Front liaison official, were feted at a banquet in Peking on April 17. Pridi Phanomyong, a former premier of Thailand who has been living in China for years, is also believed to have a vague association with the Front, although

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this conclusion appears to be based on little more than a call he made in February on the North Vietnamese consulate in Canton to "express support" for the Vietnamese Communists' "struggle against the United States." There are also obvious links between the Front and the clandestine Communist Party of Thailand.

DESPITE this evidence, there is still a degree of complacency among some Thais and Americans. Much of it is uncomfortably similar to what one used to hear in 1959 from officials and diplomats bewitched with the magic of their efforts in Vietnam. In the town of Udorn, for instance, now waxing prosperous with the presence of some seven hundred American airmen and ground crewmen and about a hundred Air America pilots and their families, a U.S. official told me that with another two years of joint Thai-American effort, the northeast would be safe from Communist subversion. Yet half a mile away an American missionary who had spent years in the northeast said that he thought no more than five per cent of the villagers had benefited in any way from the recent efforts made to improve their lot. According to an unclassified State Department report, "Political ferment and Communist activity had their history of agitation in the northeast, but subversion now has only a toehold and the current central government attention to the area will hopefully keep subversion from graduating into insurgency." But the view of another American official with much longer experience in the region is that whenever Hanoi flashes the word, the Vietnamese minority in northeastern Thailand could put a thousand well-trained guerrillas into the field.

These differences are not merely symptoms of overoptimism and ignorance but also of the formidable difficulties that the United States and Thailand face in meeting the threat that Peking now directs. A deep gulf, social, economic, physical, and even racial, separates Bangkok and the rich rice-growing central plains from the country's remote and vulnerable border regions. Until the threat of Communist insurgency developed, no one bothered to try bridging it. To be sent to northeastern Thailand as a government official was like being banished to Siberia. Among the northern hill tribes there are still many adults who have never seen a Thai. And in the four southern provinces, Malay villagers and Chinese traders virtually govern themselves.

Northeast of Eden

Of these three peripheral regions, the northeast is the largest, most populous, and potentially the most dangerous. A third of Thailand's thirty million inhabitants live there. By comparison with other Thais, the northeasterners are desperately poor. Millions suffer from malaria

and intestinal diseases and never see a doctor or a dentist. In the dry season a cloud of dust hangs over the entire northeast. In the wet, the village trails that are almost the only roads in the region become impassable quagmires. "Distances between highways are so great, minor roads so underdeveloped, and transportation so difficult that many people have never even journeyed to their district headquarters," said one official American report on the northeast.

Marooned by floods for much of the wet season, many northeasterners have to carry water by hand for miles during the dry. Even at the present rate of accelerated construction it is estimated that it will take the Thai government fifty years to provide wells for the fifteen thousand northeastern villages. At $3,500 a well, the cost is, of course, far beyond the villagers' own resources. Even more discouraging is the fact that in much of the area, test borings have revealed saline water at all depths.

Most of the diversion dams and tanks that have been built in the northeast have brought disappointing results. The soil is poor and, because of the gently rolling topography, irrigation is difficult. The several substantial irrigation projects now under way are unlikely to produce any appreciable benefits for another three years or more. In at least one case, involving the resettlement of many thousands of people in the Khonkaen area, there has been considerable local resentment. Extensive hydroelectric projects are also planned, but the cost of electricity to the consumer is prohibitive.

For many years Communist propaganda to the effect that the Thai government was indifferent to the northeasterners and their needs was fully justified. Today, though they do not necessarily feel the benefit, millions of northeasterners are aware that Bangkok is no longer indifferent.

TWELVE YEARS have passed since I first made my way through this region. In those days the train journey from Bangkok to Udorn, fifty miles south of the Mekong and the Laotian border, took two days in carriages that often lacked seats and elementary washroom facilities. Today, motor cars speed along the Friendship Highway from Bangkok to the Mekong in eight hours. Modern trains provide air-conditioned sleeping cars for those who prefer to make a comfortable overnight journey. The towns along the wayside have changed beyond recognition. The most encouraging sign in Udorn when I stayed there in 1953 was tarred on the unpainted front door of the town's only hotel. It read: "DDT 1951." Now there are four-story hotels, restaurants, and shops filled with consumer goods of all kinds. Houses sprout television aerials and the streets are filled with Japanese taxis.

In the critical provinces along the Mekong, the Thai government, in

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close collaboration with the United States Operations Mission, which last year spent two-thirds of its $12.9-million economic program on the northeast, has initiated a scheme of accelerated rural development. The Mobile Development Units, with teams of as many as a hundred or more hand-picked officials, work in three phases. The first is largely devoted to gaining rapport with the villagers. The teams offer medical treatment, show movies, distribute leaflets, and try to establish a sense of loyalty to the government. Then, lecturers on agrarian and village improvement present a Sears catalogue of possibilities, emphasizing the government's willingness to help those who help themselves. The second phase involves such projects as the construction of feeder roads. In the third phase, the work is turned over to local authorities in the hope and expectation that they will continue it.

It is difficult to criticize the principles involved, but progress is very slow. Just how much remains to be done can be judged from the results of the MDU feeder-road program. By the beginning of April Nakhon Phanom, perhaps the most sensitive province in terms of the insurgency threat, led the rest; thirty-four kilometers had been completed. However, since a year's effort in the northeast is costing the United States less than it spends in a single week in Vietnam, aid on a much greater scale seems indicated. And it is here that the United States and Thailand might reasonably look to their allies for a greater contribution, not necessarily in money but in skilled manpower able to initiate self-generating programs of technical, agricultural, and medical development.

Ho's Legacy

The size and political orientation of the Vietnamese minority in the northeast tell much about the indifference that used to characterize the government's attitude toward the region. Twelve years ago I found the Thai river town of Tha Bo shunned by Thai authorities and oriented totally toward North Vietnam; red flags and pictures of Ho Chi Minh decorated shops and houses. Though Tha Bo has since grown in size, it has changed neither its Vietnamese character nor its regard for Ho Chi Minh. The Vietnamese in Tha Bo attend to their own affairs in their own way.

After several false starts during the 1950's and early 1960's, the Thais arranged the repatriation of some thirty thousand Vietnamese to North Vietnam. Most were refugees who had originally fled from Laos when the French returned there after the Second World War. The number of the repatriated exceeded the number listed in the 1960 census by nearly fourteen thousand. The Thai government therefore raised its estimates and came to the conclusion that even after repatriation there were about thirty-five thousand Vietnamese left in the northeast. In fact, the number is much closer to a hundred thousand.

Ho Chi Minh's association with the northeast dates back forty years, when he sent a team to Thailand from his Vietnam Revolutionary League in Canton, where he was then working with Michael Borodin's Soviet mission. His aim was to organize small-scale Soviets among the Vietnamese minority, then numbering, by his count, about twenty thousand in Udorn and Nakhan Phanom. Ho himself appeared in the northeast in 1928 and remained there as a party organizer for about two years.

In Nakhon Phanom today, and no doubt elsewhere, Vietminh cadres are regular visitors. They conduct ideological courses, and even lectures in revolutionary warfare, for both adults and children. Every third Vietnamese house has a party observer who reports to street or block wardens, who are in turn responsible to the cadres.

During the Indo-China war, the Vietnamese in Thailand organized a sort of Ho Chi Minh Trail, running medical supplies and other drugs from Bangkok to the Pathet Lao and the Vietminh. Today, there is no evidence of such activities. The indications are that the Vietnamese are simply sitting tight, waiting for orders and ready to act when needed. Hanoi has suspended repatriation, and though Bangkok talks vaguely about resettling the remaining Vietnamese, there is little likelihood that it will ever get around to it.

If Bangkok has been unsuccessful in administering the terra incognita of its Vietnamese community, it can scarcely claim much greater success among the Lao-speaking majority of the northeast. "We know that the Communist organization is hard at work," said an American official. "The big cause of worry is how much, where, and what the hell we should look for. We ought to be able to take the Vietnam indicators and apply them here. It just isn't that easy."

THERE IS, nevertheless, a good deal of confidence that if the Communists were to try to create a major insurgency situation they would run into trouble. "They have been developing their assets here over the years," another American said. "If they were to call up those assets tomorrow they would lose them the day after. We have everything we need to hit them with."

This is encouraging news, if not necessarily the answer to the basic problem of the northeast. A report published by the National Economic Development Board in Bangkok is convincing evidence that no plan, however generous and altruistic, would quickly solve the northeast's economic problems. In general, the villagers are not impressed by the potential of feeder roads and invisible dams. Their preference almost always is for simpler things such as wells for drinking water and better medical facilities.

It is this kind of help that has long been urged by Monsignor Duhart, an American mission leader in the northeast, whose Redemptorist Order has had two centuries of experience among the poor of many lands. Against the Communist crusade, with its call for sacrifice and struggle, Monsignor Duhart believes that the western materialistic reply of dams and roads and hydroelectric projects is far from the full answer. He calls for an army of selfless men and women to show by their example and their skill and their work that we are genuinely concerned in the welfare and well-being of the villagers. It is the weakness of the western effort, here and elsewhere, that propositions of this sort immediately pose the question: Where and how do we find these battalions of selfless men and women?

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East Indian, West Indian

V. S. NAIPAUL

It was about thirteen or fourteen years ago. In those days Air France used to run an Epicurean Service between London and Paris. The advertisements taunted me. Poverty makes for recklessness, and one idle day in the long summer vacation, I booked. The following morning I went with fearful expectation to the Kensington air terminal. There was another Indian in the lounge. He was about fifty and very small, neat with homburg and gold-rimmed spectacles, and looking packaged in a three-piece suit. He was pure buttoned-up joy: he too was an Epicurean traveler.

"You are coming from—?"

I had met enough Indians from India to know that this was less a serious inquiry than a greeting, in a distant land, from one Indian to another.

"Trinidad," I said. "In the West Indies. And you?"

He ignored my question. "But you look Indian."

"I am."

"Red Indian?" He suppressed a nervous little giggle. "West Indian?"

"East Indian. From the West Indies. East Indian West Indian."

He looked offended and wandered off to the bookstall. From this distance he eyed me assessingly. In the end curiosity overcame misgiving. He sat next to me on the bus to the airport. He sat next to me in the plane.

"Your first trip to Paris?" he asked.

"Yes."

"My fourth. I am a newspaperman. America, the United States of America, have you been there?"

"I once spent twelve hours in New York."

"I have been to the United States of America three times. I also know the Dominion of Canada. I don't like this aeroplane. I don't like the way it it wibrating. What sort do you think it is? I'll ask the steward."

He pressed the buzzer. The steward didn't come.

"At first I though it was a Dakota. Now I feel it is a Wiking."

The steward bustled past, dropping white disembarkation cards into laps. The Indian seized the steward's soiled white jacket.

"Steward, is this aircraft a Wiking?"

"No, sir. Not a Viking. It's a Languedoc, a French plane, sir."

"Languedoc. Of course. That is one thing journalism teaches you. Always get to the bottom of everything."

We filled in our disembarkation cards. The Indian studied my passport.

"Trinidad, Trinidad," he said, as though searching for a face or a name.

Before he could find anything the Epicurean meal began. The harassed steward pulled out trays from the back of seats, slapped down mon-

ogrammed glasses and liquor miniatures. It was a short flight, which perhaps he had already made more than once that day, and he behaved like a man with problems at the other end.

"Indian," the Indian said reprovingly, "and you are drinking?"

"I am drinking."

"At home," he said, sipping his aperitif, "I *never* drink."

The steward was back, with a clutch of half-bottles of champagne.

"Champagne!" the Indian cried, as though about to clap his tiny hands. "Champagne!"

Corks were popping all over the aircraft. The trays of food came.

I grabbed the steward's dirty jacket.

"I am sorry," I said. "I should have told them. But I don't eat meat."

Holding two trays in one hand, he said, "I am sorry, sir. There is nothing else. The meals are not prepared on the plane."

"But you must have an egg or some fish or something."

"We have some cheese."

"But this is an Epicurean Service. You can't just give me a piece of cheese."

"I am sorry, sir."

I drank champagne with my bread and cheese.

"So you are not eating?"

"I am not eating."

"I enwy you." The Indian was champing through meats of various colors, sipping champagne and crying out for more. "I enwy you your wegetarianism. At home I am *strict* wegetarian. No one has even boiled an egg in my house."

The steward took away the remains of my bread and cheese, and gave me coffee, brandy, and a choice of liqueurs.

The Indian experimented swiftly. He sipped, he gulped. The flight was drawing to a close; we were already fastening our seat belts. His eyes were red and watery behind his spectacles. He stuck his hat on at comic angles and made faces at me. He nudged me in the ribs and cuffed me on the shoulder and giggled. He chucked me under the chin and sang: *"Wege-wege-wegetarian! Hindu wege-tar-ian!"*

He was in some distress when we landed. His hat was still at a comic angle, but his flushed little face had a bottled-up solemnity. He was in for a hard afternoon. Even so, he composed himself for a farewell speech.

"My dear sir, I am a journalist and I have traveled. I hope you will permit me to say how much I appreciate it that, although separated by many generations and many thousands of miles of sea and ocean from the Motherland, you still keep up the customs and traditions of our religion. I *do* appreciate it. Allow me to congratulate you."

I was hungry and my head was

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heavy. "No, no, my dear sir. Allow me to congratulate you."

To be a colonial is to be a little ridiculous and unlikely, especially in the eyes of someone from the metropolitan country. All immigrants and their descendants are colonials of one sort or another, and between the colonial and what one might call the metropolitan there always exists a muted mutual distrust. In England the image of the American is fixed. In Spain, where imperial glory has been dead for so long, they still whisper to you, an impartial outsider, about the loudness of *americanos*—to them people from Argentina and Uruguay. In an Athens hotel you can distinguish the Greek Americans, *back for a holiday* (special words in the vocabulary of immigrants), from the natives. The visitors speak with loud, exaggerated American accents, occasionally slightly flawed; the stances of the women are daring and self-conscious. The natives, overdoing the quiet culture and feminine modesty, appear to cringe with offense.

Yet to be Latin American or Greek American is to be known, to be a type, and therefore in some way to be established. To be an Indian or East Indian from the West Indies is to be a perpetual surprise to people outside the region. When you think of the West Indies you think of Columbus and the Spanish galleons, slavery and the naval rivalries of the eighteenth century. You might, more probably, think of calypsos and the Trinidad carnival and expensive sun and sand. When you think of the East you think of the Taj Mahal at the end of a cypress-lined vista and you think of holy men. You don't go to Trinidad, then, expecting to find Hindu pundits scuttling about country roads on motorcycles; to see pennants with ancient devices fluttering from temples; to see mosques cool and white and rhetorical against the usual Caribbean buildings of concrete and corrugated iron; to find India celebrated in the street names of one whole district of Port of Spain; to see the Hindu festival of lights or the Muslim mourning ceremony for Husein, the Prophet's descendant, killed at the Battle of Kerbela in Arabia thirteen hundred years ago.

To be an Indian from Trinidad is to be unlikely. It is, in addition to everything else, to be the embodiment of an old verbal ambiguity. For this word "Indian" has been abused as no other word in the language; almost every time it is used it has to be qualified. There was a time in Europe when everything Oriental or everything a little unusual was judged to come from Turkey or India. So India ink is really Chinese ink and India paper first came from China. When in 1492 Columbus landed on the island of Guanahani he thought he had got to Cathay. He ought therefore to have called the people Chinese. But East was East. He called them Indians, and Indians they remained, walking Indian file through the Indian corn. And so, too, that American bird which to English-speaking people is the turkey is to the French *le dindon,* the bird of India.

So long as the real Indians remained on the other side of the world, there was little confusion. But when in 1845 these Indians began coming over to some of the islands Columbus had called the Indies, confusion became total. Slavery had been abolished in the British islands; the Negroes refused to work for a master, and many plantations were faced with ruin. Indentured laborers were brought in from China, Portugal, and India. The Indians fitted. More and more came. They were good agriculturalists and were encouraged to settle after their indentures had expired. Instead of a passage home they could take land. Many did. The indenture system lasted, with breaks, from 1845 until 1917, and in Trinidad alone the descendants of those immigrants who stayed number over a quarter of a million.

But what were these immigrants to be called? Their name had been appropriated three hundred and fifty years before. "Hindu" was a useful word, but it had religious connotations and would have offended the many Muslims among the immigrants. In the British territories the immigrants were called East Indians. In this way they were distinguished from the two other types of Indians in the islands: the American Indians and the West Indians. After a generation or two, the East Indians were regarded as settled inhabitants of the West Indies and were thought of as West Indian East Indians. Then a national feeling grew up. There was a cry for integration, and the West Indian East Indians became East Indian West Indians.

This didn't suit the Dutch. They had a colony called Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, on the north coast of South America. They also owned a good deal of the East Indies, and to them an East Indian was someone who came from the East Indies and was of Malay stock. (When you go to an Indian restaurant in Holland you don't go to an Indian restaurant; you go to an East Indian or Javanese restaurant.) In Surinam there were many genuine East Indians from the East Indies. So another name had to be found for the Indians from India who came to Surinam. The Dutch called them British Indians. Then as the Indian nationalist agitation gained strength in India, the British Indians began to resent being called British Indians. The Dutch compromised by calling them Hindustanis.

East Indians, British Indians, Hindustanis. But the West Indies are part of the New World and these Indians of Trinidad are no longer of Asia. The temples and mosques exist and appear genuine. But the languages that came with them have decayed. The rituals have altered. Since open-air cremation is forbidden by the health authorities, Hindus are buried, not cremated. Their ashes are not taken down holy rivers into the ocean to become again part of the Absolute. There is no Ganges at hand, only a muddy stream called the Caroni. And the water that the Hindu priest sprinkles with a mango leaf around the sacrificial fire is not Ganges water but simple tap water. The holy city of Benares is far away, but the young Hindu at his initiation ceremony in Port of Spain will still take up his staff and beggar's bowl and say that he is off to Benares to study. His relatives will plead with him, and in the end he will lay down his staff, and there will be a ritual expression of relief.

It is the play of a people who have been cut off. To be an Indian from Trinidad, then, is to be unlikely and exotic. It is also to be a little fraudulent. But so all immi-

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grants become. In India itself there is the energetic community of Parsis. Its people fled from Persia to escape Muslim religious persecution. But over the years the very religion which they sought to preserve has become a matter of forms and especially of burial forms: in Bombay their dead are taken to the frighteningly named Towers of Silence and there exposed to vultures. They have adopted the language of the sheltering country and their own language has become a secret gibberish. Immigrants are people on their own. They cannot be judged by the standards of their older culture. Culture is like language, ever developing. There is no right and wrong, no purity from which there is decline. Usage sanctions everything.

And these Indians from Trinidad, despite their temples and rituals, so startling to the visitors, belong to the New World. They are immigrants; they have the drive and restlessness of immigrants. To them India is a word. In moments of self-distrust this word might suggest the Taj Mahal and an ancient civilization. But more usually it suggests other words, fearfully visualized: "famine," "teeming millions." And to many, India is no more than the memory of a depressed rural existence that survived in Trinidad until only the other day. Occasionally in the interior of the island a village of thatched roofs and mud-and-bamboo walls still recalls Bengal.

In Bengal lay the great port of Calcutta. There, from the vast depressed hinterland of eastern India, the emigrants assembled for the journey by sail, often lasting four months, to the West Indies. The majority came from the provinces of Bihar and eastern Uttar Pradesh; and even today—although heavy industry has come to Bihar—these areas are known for their poverty and backwardness. It is a dismal, dusty land, made sadder by ruins and place names that speak of ancient glory. For here was the land of the Buddha; here are the cities mentioned in the Hindu epics of three thousand years ago—like Ayodhya, from which my father's family came, today a ramshackle, nondescript town of wholly contemporary squalor.

The land is flat, intolerably flat, with few trees to dramatize it. The forests to which reference is often made in the epics have disappeared. The winters are brief, and in the fierce summers the fields are white with dust. You are never out of sight of low mud-walled or brick-walled villages, and there are people everywhere. An impression of tininess in vastness: tiny houses, tiny poor fields, thin, stunted people, a land scratched into dust by an ever-growing population. It is a land of famine and apathy, and yet a land of rigid caste order. Everyone has his place. Effort is futile. His field is small, his time unlimited, but the peasant still scatters his seed broadcast. He lives from hand to mouth. The attitude is understandable. In this more than feudal society of India, everything once belonged to the king, and later to the landlord: it was unwise to be prosperous. A man is therefore de-

fined and placed by his caste alone. To the peasant on this overpopulated plain, all of India, all the world, has been narrowed to a plot of ground and a few relationships.

TRAVEL is still not easy in those parts, and from there a hundred years ago the West Indies must have seemed like the end of the world. Yet so many left, taking everything —beds, brass vessels, musical instruments, images, holy books, sandalwood sticks, astrological almanacs. It was less an uprooting than it appears. They were taking India with them. With their blinkered view of the world they were able to re-create eastern Uttar Pradesh or Bihar wherever they went. They had been able to ignore the vastness of India; so now they ignored the strangeness in which they had been set. To leave India's sacred soil, to cross the "black water," was considered an act of self-defilement. So completely did these migrants re-create India in Trinidad that they imposed a similar restriction on those who wished to leave Trinidad.

In a more energetic society they would have been lost. But Trinidad was stagnant in the nineteenth century. The Indians endured and prospered. The India they re-created was allowed to survive. It was an India in which a revolution had occurred. It was an India in isolation, unsupported; an India without caste or the overwhelming pressures towards caste. Effort had a meaning, and soon India could be seen to be no more than a habit, a self-imposed psychological restraint, wearing thinner with the years. At the first blast from the New World—the Second World War, the coming of Americans to the islands—India fell away, and a new people seemed all at once to have been created. The colonial, of whatever society, is a product of revolution; and the revolution takes place in the mind.

Certain things remain: the temples, the food, the rites, the names, though these become steadily more Anglicized and less recognizable to Indians; or it might be a distaste for meat, derived from a Hindu background and surviving even an Epicurean flight between London and Paris. Certainly it was odd, when I was in India two years ago, to find that often, listening to a language I thought I had forgotten, I was understanding. Just a word or two, but they seemed to recall a past life and fleetingly they gave that sensation of an experience that has been lived before. But fleetingly, since for the colonial there can be no true return.

IN A Delhi club I met an Indian from Trinidad. I had last seen him fifteen years before. He was an adventurer. Now he was a little sad. He was an exile in the Motherland, and fifteen years had definitely taken him past youth; for him there were to be no more adventures. He was quiet and subdued. Then a worried, inquiring look came into his eyes.

"Tell me. I think we are way ahead of this bunch, don't you think?"

"But there's no question," I said.

He brightened; he looked relieved. He smiled; he laughed.

"I'm *so* glad you think so. It's what I *always* tell them. Come, have a drink."

We drank. We became loud, colonials together.

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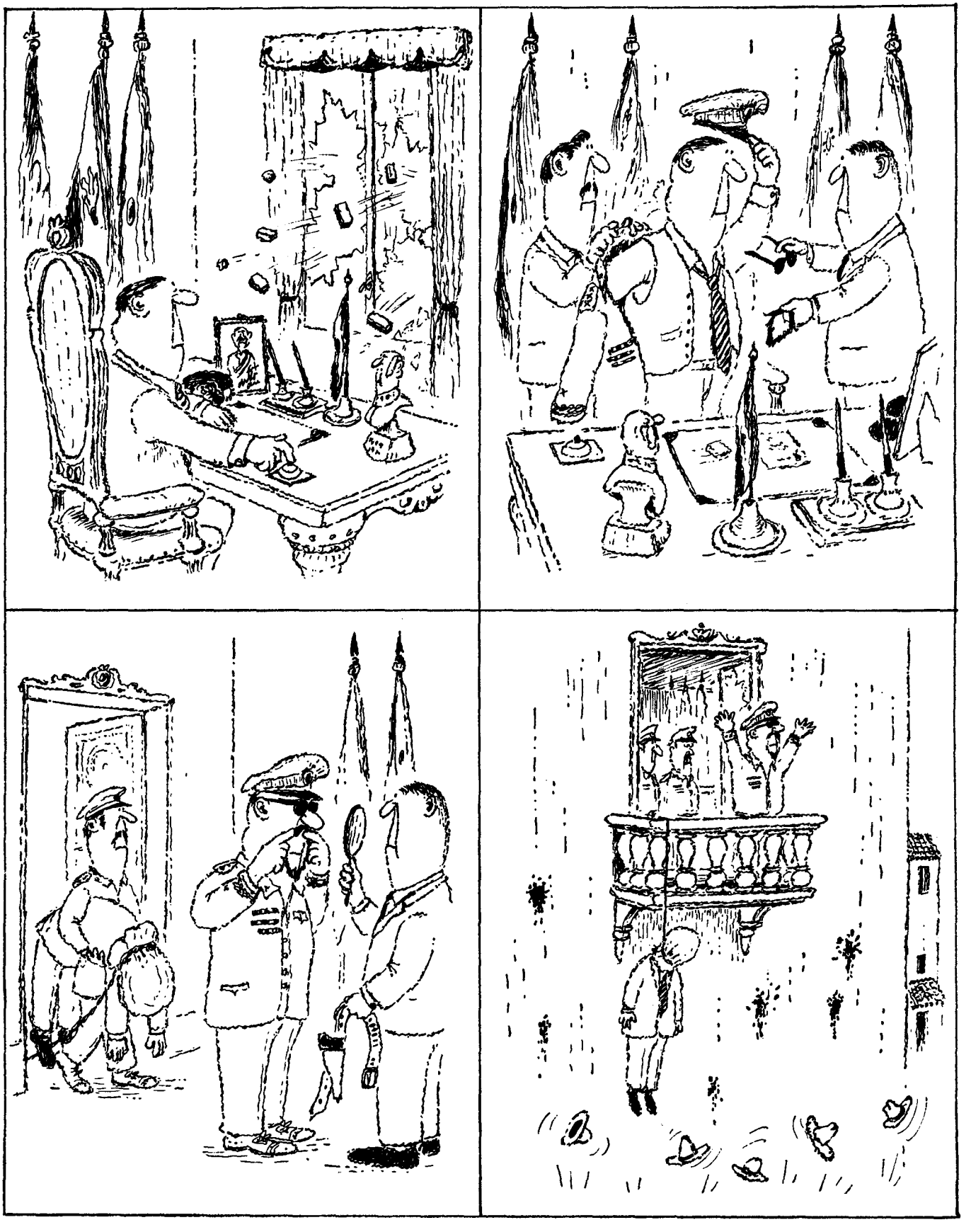

Coup Coup by Fernando Krahn

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BOOKS

Pillars of Ice

GORDON CRAIG

HITLER MOVES EAST, 1941-1943, by Paul Carell. *Little, Brown. $10.*

BARBAROSSA, THE RUSSIAN-GERMAN CONFLICT, 1941-1945, by Alan Clark. *Morrow. $10.*

Basically, there are two ways of going about the business of writing military history. One can remain on what the Germans call the *Feldherrnhügel,* or Generals' Hill, and take advantage of the elevation to describe the battlefield or theater of war as a whole, relating the developments in one part of it to those in another, and seeking the key to victory or defeat in the strategies of the contenders. Or one can leave the mountain for the plain and try to describe the fighting as it was experienced by the combat forces. Each method has its dangers. The first often produces overintellectualized history that appears to turn war—an activity in which irrational factors always play a major role—into a kind of mathematics. The second is apt to result in mere collections of anecdotes about small-unit firefights, which confuse the lay reader by their apparent lack of pattern and bore him with their inevitable repetitiousness, since all infantry squads and all tank crews do much the same sort of thing from day to day.

IN HIS bulky history of the first two years of the war in Russia, Paul Carell has elected to take the second course, and he has not altogether avoided its pitfalls. Readers whose knowledge of the main outlines of the German offensive in the east is sketchy will find it easy to get lost in the fog of the Carell war and will not be assisted much by his maps, which usually show minuscule areas of the theater of operations covered with menacing but perplexing arrows.

Despite this drawback and the high incidence of repetition of detail—Soviet troops always seem to be advancing with linked arms and cries of *"Urra! Urra!,"* and Horst Schrader, the nineteen-year-old machine gunner, seems always to be guiding a new belt into the lock—this cannot be described as an unsatisfactory book. It would be difficult to name another that gives as true and horrifying a picture of the fierceness of the fighting in Russia or the almost incredible conditions in which it was done. In tactical description, Carell is almost as gifted as S. L. A. Marshall; and when he describes the dogged fighting in the forest of Bialowieza in the summer of 1941, or the street fighting in Rostov and Stalingrad later on, he makes the scene rise to the eye in all its movement and variety and tension. And, less because of his own powers of description than because of his judicious use of diaries and letters from both armies, he makes his readers *feel* the cold that was the most demoralizinging feature of the eastern war—a cold so stupefying that (as one German regiment discovered on a road near Ozarova) it could kill a troop of men and horse and turn them into pillars of ice if they paused to rest for a few minutes, and so brutal that commanders often had to choose between allowing their wounded to bleed to death or—if they undressed them for bandaging—to die by freezing.

Carell does not deal at all with the broader implications of the war and rarely touches on strategic questions. His explanation for Germany's failure in Russia is that Hitler and his staff underestimated the resources and resilience of the Soviet Union and failed to provide enough troops and supplies to achieve the objectives sought. The victims were the German common soldier, the NCOs, and the junior officers, and this book is obviously intended as a tribute to them. But the author makes it clear that he has almost equal admiration for the Russian soldiers, whose tactical strengths and weaknesses he describes at length and whose steadfastness, devotion, and gifts of improvisation offset whatever technical advantages the Germans possessed at the beginning of their offensive.

ALAN CLARK'S *Barbarossa,* which has been greeted by a chorus of critical acclaim that it comes close to deserving, is a more interesting book than Carell's because it deals with the conflict as a whole and addresses itself to the larger strategic issues without losing sight of the soldiers' war that Carell describes. It is weakened by a tendency to cocksureness that permits Clark to describe troop dispositions of which he disapproves as "idiotic" and to dismiss complicated questions with airy sentences like "Roosevelt's betrayal of Eastern Europe, whether out of calculation or gullibility, is so notorious as to need no further recapitulation." It is further marred by not infrequent lapses from accuracy (Schleicher was *not* minister of defense in the 1920's; and it was presumably the OSS, but certainly not the CIA, with which Michael of Romania made contact in the fall of 1944). More serious is Clark's inability to make up his mind about Hit-

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ler. In his preface he describes the Führer's capacity for mastering detail, his sense of history, his retentive memory, and his strategic vision as brilliant, and writes that "occasions when Hitler was right and the General Staff wrong are more numerous than the apologists of the German Army allow." Yet his case for Hitler as *Feldherr* is weakened by the abundant testimony in his pages to the Führer's ineffectiveness in the handling of groups as large as corps and armies, his failure to co-ordinate his administrative and planning staffs in such a way as to give coherent strategic direction to his forces, his loss of the "sleepwalker's assurance" that he boasted of in the 1930's, his proneness to fits of indecision in crisis (Manstein once had to appeal to him seven times before getting approval for a shortening of the line), and, finally, the shriveling of his strategic talents after 1943 so that his last years of command were marked by increasing rigidity and irrationalism.

CLARK's dramatic account of the eastern war gains in effectiveness from his wise decision not to try to describe every operation on every front and instead to isolate four points of crisis—the battle for Moscow in 1941, the Stalingrad debacle of 1942-1943, the Kursk offensive of 1943, and the last struggles on the Oder at the beginning of 1945—and to hang his narrative on them. With respect to the first of these, he demonstrates how fatally ill-founded the German estimates of Russian strength had been and intimates that without Hitler's order to stand fast, the Russian offensive of December, 1941, might have been wholly disastrous for German arms. This, he says, was Hitler's "finest hour. He had done more than save the German Army; he had achieved complete personal ascendancy over its ruling class." In his account of Stalingrad, Clark does a skillful job of demolishing some of the myths that have surrounded the battle and emphasizes a point often overlooked (although not by Carell) that "it was after it had forfeited all hope of relief that the German Stalingrad garrison played its biggest part in the recovery of fortune by its comrades," by pinning down half of Zhukov's forces until the danger of collapse on the Caucasus front had been averted.

Even more interesting is Clark's analysis of the *Zitadelle* offensive against the Kursk salient in 1943, the one great operation which the German generals were allowed to plan and execute without constant interference by Hitler, and one which, because of delays and argument, failed as disastrously as the Nivelle offensive of 1917, shattered the bulk of Germany's remaining armor, and convinced Himmler (among others) that the war was lost. Clark himself seems to believe that Guderian, for whom among the German professionals he has the highest regard, might have been able to alter that result, or at least to check the Russian offensive against the Oder, if he had only been given a free hand at the end of 1944. The Russians by that time were taking very great chances that might, with proper use of Germany's dwindling resources, have been exploited in such a way as to achieve something like Manstein's "miracle on the Donetz" after Stalingrad. But Hitler had no intention of relinquishing command, even when disaster was staring him in the face, and by March, 1945, Guderian had been dismissed and the Russians were converging on Berlin.

Alienation Vs. Involvement

PETER FILENE

THE NEW RADICALISM IN AMERICA (1889-1963): THE INTELLECTUAL AS A SOCIAL TYPE, by Christopher Lasch. *Knopf. $6.95.*

From the decorous figure of Jane Addams the spinster social worker to the lusty figure of Norman Mailer the literary hipster, there is no apparent intellectual route whatever. Yet Christopher Lasch travels precisely that unlikely road in his latest book. On the way, he picks up an equally disparate set of passengers, including John Dewey, Lincoln Steffens, Mabel Dodge Luhan with her flock of husbands and lovers, Dwight Macdonald, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. If the company is picturesque, the itinerary is even more so. For as Lasch explains in his introduction, he has turned to leading American critics of capitalism since the 1880's in order to discover something "about the peculiarly fragmented character of modern society, and beyond that, about what it means to pursue the life of reason in a world in which the irrational has come to appear not the exception but the rule."

This is no piece of antiquarian research. It is a recourse to the intellectual past for answers to the big, pressing problems all around us. Impelled by dismay over the condition of American life, Lasch looks back to his dismayed predecessors—the radical intellectuals who, since the late nineteenth century, have been equally ill at ease in the middle-class world into which they were born.

The young Jane Addams epitomized the early history of this group. Along with countless others of her generation maturing in the 1880's, she regarded her parents' genteel culture and moralistic certainties as inadequate, even stifling. She had questions that traditional religion did not answer; she had impulses that tidy parlors, dutiful trips to European museums, and a lifetime of whist could not appease. She wanted to join in the "real" life and do something useful. But what and how? She suffered first the death of her father, then a severe spinal affliction and a prolonged nervous depression. Finally in 1888 her anxiety led her to a bold decision: she would form a social settlement house amid the slums of some city. There at last she would find the vitality and service she craved. A year later, Hull-House opened its doors to the people of Chicago's Fourteenth Ward.

Christopher Lasch shapes his portrait of Jane Addams with a sensitive and vivid touch. But his purpose goes far beyond biography; he is searching for the fundamental intellectual motifs in what he calls the new radicalism. And in the career of Jane Addams he finds exemplified not only the emergence of intellectuals as a distinct group alienated from middle-class society, but also the typical emotional need of these

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estranged radicals to become "committed," to become involved once more in American life. As outsiders they naturally sought other outsiders as allies—whether Jane Addams's slum dwellers or John Dewey's schoolchildren or Mabel Dodge Luhan's New Mexican Indians or Norman Mailer's Negroes. This tension between alienation and involvement recurs again and again in the careers of the intellectuals Lasch describes.

A "confusion of politics and culture," he says, has been the characteristic trait of the new radicalism. Estranged from the prevailing culture, Miss Addams sought to replace the evils of industrialism with a new culture nurtured in settlement houses; similarly, Dewey hoped to use progressive schools as levers for social change; the editors of the *New Republic* believed that our entry into the First World War would carry democratic ideals to the people of Germany while bringing new inspiration to the American people. Intellectuals of the 1960's trusted in President Kennedy to transform the quality of American life. Ultimately the radicals always adopted, according to Lasch, "a manipulative solution" to what they saw as a moral problem. And ultimately that was the reason they failed to achieve their ends.

FAILURE pervades this book. Implacably Lasch documents and reiterates his claim that, in seeking to overcome their estrangement by means of political involvement, the intellectuals sacrificed their cultural values. Thus, the creative and radical ideals of Dewey's progressive education shriveled into "life adjustment"; society indoctrinated the schools rather than the other way around. Much more devastating was the intellectuals' joyous commitment to "Wilson's war crusade": instead of broadening domestic culture and freeing Germany from its political constrictions, the war produced brutal suppression of dissent at home and a reactionary peace treaty at Versailles. Yet the "terrible fear of political isolation," says Lasch, continued to drive the radicals toward self-defeating commitment. The latest victims, he argues, are those "pragmatic liberals" who pride themselves on "hard-boiled" thinking, but who in fact are devoted to dogmatic, oversimplified, and dangerous condemnation of the Soviet Union. In Lasch's opinion, men like Arthur Schlesinger and Sidney Hook, who admit no compromise in the cold war between Soviet tyranny and western freedom, are preaching utopianism under the label of realism. Still more alarming, Lasch asserts, is the fact that intellectuals have finally acquired "the status of a privileged class"; endowed with political influence and social status, they deludedly think that intellectual values have become equally established in the society at large. The truth, Lasch believes, is the exact contrary: like Dewey's schools, the intellectuals have been transformed by the popular culture. They have become simply another competitor in the American marketplace.

Lasch criticizes the radical intellectuals for ignoring the consequences of political engagement, but he also joins them in criticizing American culture. Indeed, he generally exceeds them in vehemence and despair. Ours is a "culture of the contemporary," one that shapes its taste and conduct out of the immediate and sensational event, one that manufactures heroes out of idiosyncrasies rather than deeds, and most basically one that is so splintered that its members can find identity only in pastless and isolated "societies within societies" such as the teen-age world. Within such a system, says Lasch, no intellectual can remain an intellectual. Norman Mailer tried, and ended up writing potboiler novels while frantically, pathetically mimicking the image his critics created for him. The only tenable position for intellectuals, Lasch concludes, is alienation. From the fringe of American society they can perform their essential role as critics without sacrificing their rationality or integrity to the inevitably hostile and more powerful society.

"I HAVE NOT WISHED to write a tract," Lasch claims in his introduction. "I am much less interested . . . in praising or condemning the new radicalism than in understanding where it came from." He has accomplished that "understanding" brilliantly. In a versatile combination of sociological, psychological, literary, and political insights, he illuminates a broad spectrum of American culture in this century. At the same time, he has infused his analysis with vitality by building on a biographical base. Ideas do not exist outside human experience. By stressing the childhood and emotional development of his intellectuals, Lasch has avoided the artificiality to which so many "histories of ideas" succumb.

But still he has written a tract. Despite his disclaimer, he does persistently praise and condemn—especially condemn—the new radicals. More important, he condemns the society they condemn, and he does so with a dogmatism rivaling the dogmatism that he rebukes in them. He takes as a premise that contemporary American culture possesses the venal character the radical intellectuals attribute to it. By refusing to analyze this premise with the care that he applies when analyzing the new radicalism itself, he ends by writing to those who agree with him. At a certain point, in other words, this book is no longer an argument; it is simply a critique.

The flaw is not fatal, but it is serious. For it leaves too much unanswered. Most obvious, perhaps, is Lasch's total neglect of the civil-rights movement, which embodies so much of what is exciting and moral in contemporary America. The really challenging rebuttals to Lasch, however, emerge less from what is unsaid than from what is said. As Lasch himself explains, the intellectuals have rejoined society with a flourish. Universities are thriving under the flood of grants from the government and foundations; academic experts are enjoying unprecedented influence as consultants to industry and Washington; hi-fi and the paperback have brought more "culture" to more people than ever before. All this evidence—Lasch's own evidence—might be seen as proof that society has benefited from the integration of intellectuals.

THE QUESTION need not be settled here, since Lasch does not raise it in his book. Instead, he inverts the perspective and argues that the ap-

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parent cultural health of our society signifies the intellectuals' disease. By selling their talents so successfully, he insists, the intellectuals have sold out. Thus Lasch answers the benign interpretation of his evidence by repeating his dictum that intellectuals overcome their alienation only at the cost of intellectual integrity. "Neither the academic statesmen nor the academic technicians [of the 1950's and 1960's] were any longer intellectuals at all, if intellectuals were defined as people who derive pleasure and profit from playing with ideas" (rather than applying them). This is a refutation by definition. It merely "answers" a possible objection to his dogmatic critique of society by an equally dogmatic claim that public involvement corrupts intellectuals.

Lasch has written a tract—a basically illogical tract. His bias toward the present continually mingles with his perception of the past. Yet the virtues of his book are precisely the vitality and urgency and insight with which he animates his history. To ask for a "purer" study would be to ask for a less interesting and less significant one.

The Critics' Critic

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

MUSIC OBSERVED, by B. H. Haggin. *Oxford University Press. $6.50.*

In Europe the most interesting music critics write for the newspapers; in America they can usually be found in the magazines. Men like Paul Rosenfeld and James Huneker, writing in the *Dial, Puck,* or the *Musical Courier,* have had an influence on our music that was out of all proportion to the size of their readership. B. H. Haggin has strong claims to belonging in that illustrious company: his prose is as lively as Huneker's, he starts as many arguments as Rosenfeld, and like both of them he has done his best work as a maverick magazine critic. Apart from a stint on the Brooklyn *Eagle* and some reviews in the *Herald Tribune,* virtually all of his writing since the early 1920's has gone into magazines like the *Nation,* the *Hudson Review,* and the *New Republic,* for which he is currently record reviewer, and into a set of guidebooks for record collectors, notably an essay entitled *Music for the Man Who Enjoys "Hamlet."* His new book brings together several score articles and excerpts from his columns, dated 1929 to 1964, with a view to presenting "a continuing record of the New York music scene" as reported by its most quarrelsome critic.

HAGGIN'S specialty, which has made him a great favorite among the cognoscenti and the 57th Streeters, is his habit of criticizing other critics. Disregarding the unwritten law that critics may never mention each other except by way of compliment, he rushes in where everyone else treads on eggs because, as he says, "the critic's exercise of judgment on the artist's public performance is itself a public performance, and as such properly subject to evaluation." A "competent and scrupulous critic" (as he refers to himself here) is duty-bound to set things straight whenever a misguided colleague gives people a false idea of what music is, or should be.

After years of scrutinizing the work of his fellow aisle sitters in New York, he comes to the conclusion that most of them are "horrors." The upshot is that parts of *Music Observed* read like a grand-jury indictment. Paul Henry Lang of the *Herald Tribune,* says Haggin, displays "deficiencies in judgment and taste . . . confusion of mind . . . atrocious writing . . . personal nastiness." Winthrop Sargeant of the *New Yorker* lacks "intellectual rigor" and has "enormous proficiency in coming up with whatever will achieve momentary advantage or escape momentary difficulty in a discussion." Irving Kolodin of the *Saturday Review* "does the writing he has always done: a churning of words and thoughts concerned less with the supposed purpose of informing the reader about the subject than with the evident purpose of impressing him with the writer. . . ."

The *Times* comes off with very poor grades in Haggin's book. The late Olin Downes's writing "is made valueless and unreadable as a record by the quality of the taste, mind and prose style of the man who for thirty-one . . . years spoke for the *Times* on music." His successor, Howard Taubman, is marked down as "a journalist, in the usual and worst sense of the term . . . a man who has made a career of producing lifeless words that betray the absence of genuine experience behind them." And a more recent review by the present *Times* incumbent, Harold C. Schonberg, is berated for being "unprecedented in the ostentatious vulgarity of its writing and offensiveness of its content." That leaves the dance critic, John Martin, in Haggin's phrase a man with "an unerring eye for greatness and an unrelenting hatred for it."

About the only one who passes inspection is the inimitable Virgil Thomson, whose departure from the *Herald Tribune* was described by Haggin, in a typically left-handed compliment, as a mitigated disaster: "He could be irresponsible, he could be nonsensical, in recent years he was increasingly bored and wrote more than ever about what he imagined rather than what he heard; but he had the equipment of critical perception that is the one essential in criticism; and when it was allowed to operate on what was before him it produced the only newspaper criticism of music worth reading."

These commentaries on commentaries produce a kind of chain reaction wherein criticism ends up by biting its own tail. It is not unusual in these pages to find Haggin reviewing Stravinsky censuring Sargeant and Lang for criticizing Stravinsky; or Haggin attacking Ernest Newman's defense against Carl Engel's attack on Newman's own defense of Wagner, which made Haggin realize that Newman, far from being the objective historian he claimed to be, was really "a bullying tooth-and-nail debater who used incorrect facts in fallacious reasoning against misstatements of what he was arguing against."

ULTIMATELY this sort of thing turns into the cabalistic sport of seeing how many critics can be made to dance on the head of a pin. One notices after a time that Haggin

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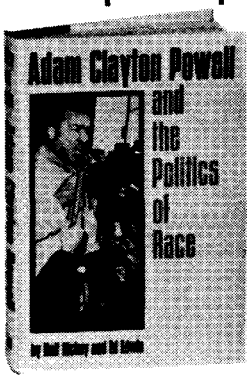

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would rather talk about critics than about music—perhaps for the simple reason that there is nothing any writer can say that comes very close to the substance of music, which exists purely as sound. "Music begins where words fail," said Heine, and words fail Haggin no less than his colleagues when they attempt to describe what happens during a performance of a piece of music.

Hence the inevitable one-sidedness of the reporting in this book, with its exaggerated emphasis on tempo—Beecham's "perversely slow tempo," Klemperer's "strange slow-motion performances," Furtwängler's "moment-to-moment vagaries," Scherchen's "eccentricities of tempo," Toscanini's "distentions of tempo," or Karajan's "steadiness of tempo." Obviously, tempo is only one of several major elements in a performance, but it dominates critical writing because we have a vast stock of words and images dealing with relative speeds, but only a few technical terms to describe the phenomena of simultaneity and multiplicity (movement in depth) involved in harmony and counterpoint. Critics, as Wanda Landowska said, "hear only the obvious features of a piece—those they can perceive." Actually they can often hear much more than the obvious features, but they can't begin to describe them. And so Haggin returns again and again to the same detailed discussions of a single, artificially isolated dimension.

He writes eloquently about Toscanini, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mussorgsky; in other areas the "professional listener" misses the point completely. For years, while he was busy preaching the gospel of a new, stringent criticism, a revolution was taking place under his windows, but there are only negative signs of it in this book. These were the years when Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and Bartók were living in America and working out a whole new cosmography of music—the most exciting time for music since the great Paris days of Berlioz, Liszt, and Chopin. All that Haggin can find to say about this golden era is that modern music impresses him as "hideous or feeble," and that our century "has produced the painting of Picasso, among others, but no music of comparable magnitude."

With few exceptions he hears only "the aridities, ugliness and horrors of Hindemith, Bartók, Berg, Schoenberg, Stravinsky and the rest." Everything contemporary is suspect. Shostakovitch's Fifth Symphony is "a long trashy" piece; Prokofiev's *War and Peace* "a work of little value"; Strauss's *Metamorphosen* "the musical counterpart of an old man's mumblings into his beard." Charles Ives "rambles on with no integration and no cumulative effect." Roy Harris's Sixth Symphony promises "forty-five minutes of incoherently bombastic sound." Menotti's *Maria Golovin* offers "the usual Menotti pastiche of musical trash in the service of the usual Menotti dramatic claptrap." Puccini and the later Sibelius fail to please; Gershwin picked the wrong idiom for *Porgy and Bess*. As for Arnold Schoenberg, Haggin concedes that he was a composer with "tremendous powers" but decides that "these powers operated in the service of an extreme eccentricity and perversity. . . ."

SO IN THE END the net gain for music is almost nil. *Music Observed* is not a collection of mementos of a great, courageous career in music criticism, but an object lesson in the uses and abuses of a brilliant and narrow mind: watcher of watchmen, what of the night? Haggin has said elsewhere, "I have confidence in my own ability to hear greatness in music and the lack of greatness." On the basis of this performance, one would be more justified in assuming that he has an unrelenting hatred for it. The equipment of critical perception that is the one essential in criticism seems to break down too often. Like most music critics—he sees this mote more clearly in others' eyes—he stands in desperate need of a large dose of humility and a healthy sense of his own unimportance in the musical scheme of things, where critics are only the messenger boys or at best the stockbrokers of art. Before a genuine act of creation—including the "aridities, uglinesses and horrors" of Hindemith & Co.—he should stop and take a deep, reflective breath or two, expelling a sigh not of envy but of gratitude that it is given to him to partake of this act of creation in line of duty, and on company time.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 128

by HENRY ALLEN

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DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
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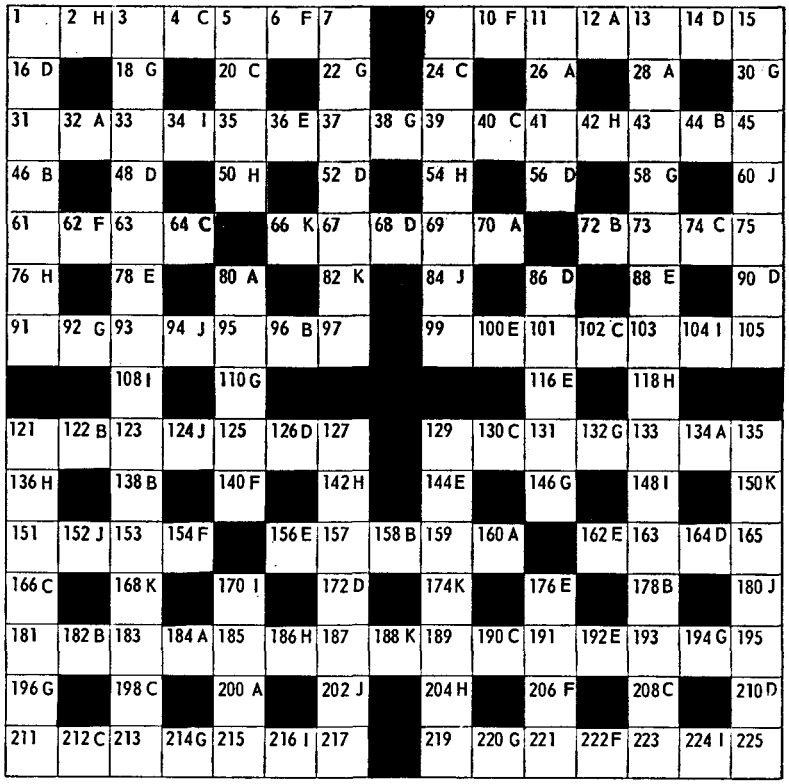

A

26 70 184 200 160 32 80 12 134 28 A bit of intuition Santa Claus might have (5, 5).

B

182 72 96 44 178 138 46 122 158 Lobe of the brain at the back of the head.

C

190 130 40 102 74 64 208 166 198

20 4 212 24 Toast often rendered by German soldiers during World War I (4,3,6).

D

68 126 52 14 56 16 164 48 90 172

210 86 Famous U.S. naval vessel of the Civil War named after an even more famous naval vessel (3, 9).

E

162 100 176 36 156 116 88 192 144 78 What most school children expect when the school year is over (4, 6).

F

140 206 222 62 154 6 10 Statement of approaching low tide (3, 4).

G

58 214 110 38 30 18 196 132 92 22

220 194 146 Belonging to the chicory family.

H

2 186 142 50 118 42 204 54 136 76 A person who inspires respect or dread (7,3).

I

148 216 108 104 170 224 34 Steps off again.

J

202 152 60 180 84 94 124 A pawl, click, or detent.

K

168 150 66 174 82 188 Grow larger, increase.

ACROSS

1. The part can be useful when you weigh anchor.
9. There's a craft in a frenzied condition.
31. With 9 down and 170 down, best-known work of the Acrostician (3,3,3,4,2,4,3,4).
61. Formerly a cone there was.
66. The kind of pony to make a point.
72. This kind of tail seems fishy at first.
91. Nieces take a hundred. Knowledge, it's wonderful!
99. Every male wishes to be *in*—the one to teach manners (4,3).
121. Fought and bled with A.T.&T.
129. Language for lovers?
151. Warning for Neanderthal man's home?
156. Girl who comes out in a military way?
162. The girl who used to be leaping on flivvers.
181. Pursued persons from inside according to directions (8,4,3).
211. Original thought, mostly wide (3,4).
219. To be dud, what Thomas did.

DOWN

1. Takes a liking to fabrics.
3. Requiring legislation obtainable from the druggist? (12,3).
5. They shall not pass, the little wrigglers!
7. Proverbially what not to put in old bottles (3,4).
9. See 31 across.
11. As (4), open; as (1,3), container.
13. News version for Britain's lower house? (3,6,6).
15. Hold the convict! Ain't it the truth?
80. Relative in an unclear relationship.
86. Cuss a thousand and removes the surface.
121. Best crab meat and what used to be on a rear fender (4,3).
127. Times long past, or the future for us all? (4,3).
129. What 80 down is told.
135. Required precisely at first.
170. See 31 across.
176. As animal in the prize building.

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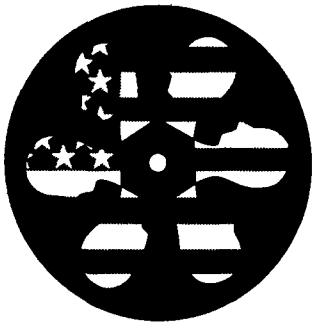

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Just Plain Jim, Commercial Cassidy

WALKER STUART

MOST PRODUCERS and some critics feel that a film taken from another medium should be judged solely on its merits as a film, and that any comparison to the original is unfair. But a book by a serious writer contains some of his head, his heart, and his gut; if it is good enough it becomes part of the resources of a culture. This fact is reason enough to carry any discussion of the movie version beyond its cinematic merits. This is particularly true if the producer and the distributor of the film are trading on the original title or the author's name.

Two recent additions to the list of literary adaptations are *Lord Jim,* from Joseph Conrad's novel, and *Young Cassidy,* based on two of the six volumes of Sean O'Casey's autobiography.

The Jim of Conrad's novel is a young ship's officer who has a vision of himself as a hero. But when an actual opportunity for heroism presents itself, he panics and deserts the *Patna,* a ship in danger of going down with eight hundred Muslim pilgrims. He spends the rest of his short life courting danger and performing acts of courage in various Far Eastern locales. The last of these is Patusan, a remote village where he becomes a hero to the inhabitants before an error in judgment brings catastrophe to the village and to himself.

There isn't room in Jim's mind for both the truth of the *Patna* incident and for his vision of himself as a hero. What Conrad calls "the subtle unsoundness of the man" is that he persists in clinging to that vision.

The portrayal of such an ambiguous character on film is particularly difficult because the medium tends to force an audience to decide whether it is "for" or "against" him very soon after his first appearance. *Lord Jim* has an added complication. While the external action—which is but one facet of the novel—is the most obviously cinematic part, most of this action shows only Jim's heroic side. If used by itself, it would give a picture of him that is closer to Ian Fleming's James than to Conrad's Jim.

IN TERMS of craftsmanship, Richard Brooks, the scriptwriter and director of *Lord Jim,* has done a good job of consolidating the various characters and plot elements of a rambling novel into a tightly woven script. At times he has combined several characters into one and with considerable success. For instance, Stein, the merchant who sends Jim to Patusan, is a composite made up of the original Stein and also of the novel's narrator and two of Jim's other employers. The change gives the character more breadth and allows for a more complex relationship between Stein and Jim. Brooks has also tightened the relationship of some of the characters and their actions to the plot. In the novel, Gentleman Brown, who precipitates Jim's downfall, appears on the scene by coincidence and Conrad spends considerable time describing his background as a latter-day pirate. In the film, Brown is introduced by a character who is already involved in the story, and the revelation of his character by plot devel-

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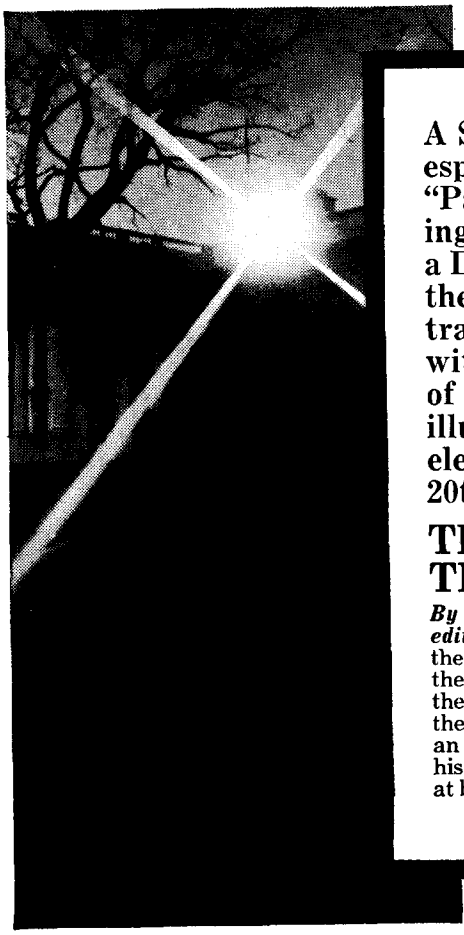
opments is used to build the story's climax. In some places, too, Brooks has simplified the story line in order to make it more manageable.

From the beginning to the end of the film, however, all of Brooks's craft as a writer and a director has been marshaled to portray Jim as an out-and-out hero. In the *Patna* sequence, such a strong sense of panic is communicated that Jim's behavior seems entirely logical instead of standing out as a disastrous breach of his own code. The middle of the film shows Jim's heroic actions. Then, near the end, Jim's error in judgment, which in the book leads to a gratuitous slaughter of villagers, in the film merely causes the death of one man who happened to be in the way. Jim's error is changed from a gross and horrifying miscalculation into a bit of bad luck that might have happened to anybody. This in turn makes Jim's final sacrifice a crowning act of heroism instead of the inevitable destiny to which his "subtle unsoundness" has drawn him.

Although Brooks has ignored the basic conflict between vision and reality, his Jim is a man who in times of crisis has to struggle with his own cowardice. When this conflict is worked into the development of the story, as it is near the end of the film, Jim does become more interesting than the usual adventure hero. But most of the time the struggle is shown in flashbacks that intrude on the action without conveying the insight and emotion intended. Brooks has hewn to the pseudo-Freudian and falsely democratic line that a hero is just an ordinary man rising to an extraordinary occasion. Conrad's Jim, however, is a man driven by his own tragic betrayal of himself into a spiraling flight from reality. He is not the guy next door, trying to work out his problems.

JOHNNY CASSIDE, as Sean O'Casey calls himself in his autobiography, spent the first forty-six years of his life in Dublin, a city known at the time for its poverty, its high death rate, and its violent politics. Of the thirteen children his mother bore, eight died in infancy, two died in their twenties, and one became an alcoholic. Mrs. Casside endured and at her window she grew "a crimson-



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disked geranium, a golden-headed musk and a purple-belled fuschia," the only color in a drab world. At an early age, Johnny was partially blinded in one eye and later had trouble with his legs. His mother thought him too sickly for school, but he toughened his body for work as a laborer. He read everything he could get his hands on, taught himself Irish, and became involved in the struggle for Irish freedom, for trade unions, and for socialism. He avoided danger when he could do so with honor but was a stubborn idealist when honor required it. He resented his family obligations, hated politicians, and raged continually against the Catholic hierarchy. When he was forty-three, his first play was put on at the Abbey Theatre. Three years later, as soon as it was financially possible, he got out of Ireland; as a writer, he found it an impossible place full of impossible people.

O'Casey wrote about these events with passion and with a wild Gallic, Gaelic wit full of outrageous puns and hilarious innuendo. Now along come Robert Graff and Robert Emmett Ginna with a movie called *Young Cassidy,* which they claim is based on the autobiography of Sean O'Casey, and in which the turn-of-the-century Dublin slums are brought to the screen in glorious Technicolor. Their hero is a brawny, handsome young man who loves his family unreservedly, is always ready for a brawl, who speaks of politics in very general terms and of the Church not at all. He spends a few nights writing and then climbs a rather short ladder to the first floor of success. There he enjoys the friendship of Yeats and Lady Gregory, who put on two of his plays in a foreshortened, well-scrubbed version of their Abbey Theatre. At this point Young Cassidy finds that the price of success is the loss of his friends and his girl. He receives this knowledge with a slow blink of his eyelids, and we leave him as he prepares to climb to the next floor of success.

The film does have about three minutes of Julie Christie, the most beautiful girl-woman of the year. It also has Maggie Smith's performance as Cassidy's girl friend, Nora, whose yearning for life is continually being smothered by her timidity. Her performance has a quality common to many subtle and truly good performances: it is not completely explainable. One can analyze it backward and forward, break it up into its component disciplines and psychological states, and still end up with a small core which is impervious to analysis but which is responsible for organizing all of the other elements into a performance that is right on the nose.

THE REASON most often given for the artistic deficiencies of such films as *Lord Jim* and *Young Cassidy* is some variation of "Movies are an industry, and these pictures have to appeal to the largest possible world-wide audience." When "movies-are-an-industry" producers work with ordinary stories, they may be justified in asking that their films be judged solely on their cinematic merits. But when they tamper with a book of artistic stature, they can't expect to avoid being judged by the standards of the book.

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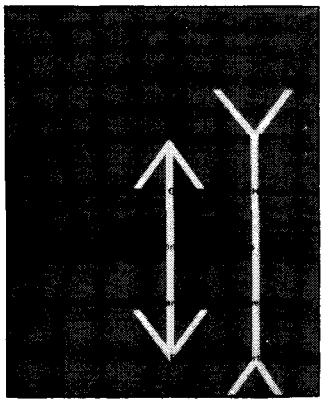

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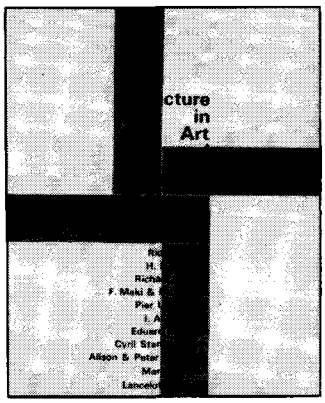

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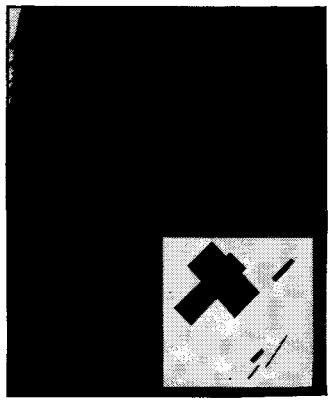

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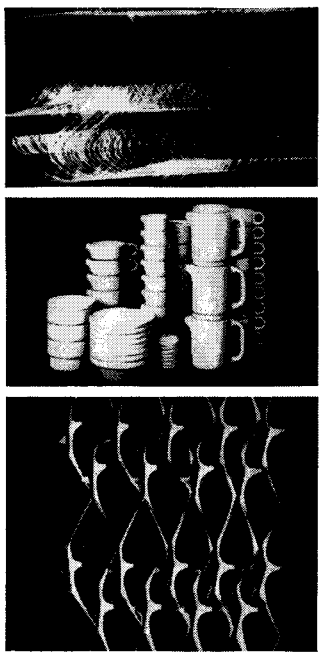

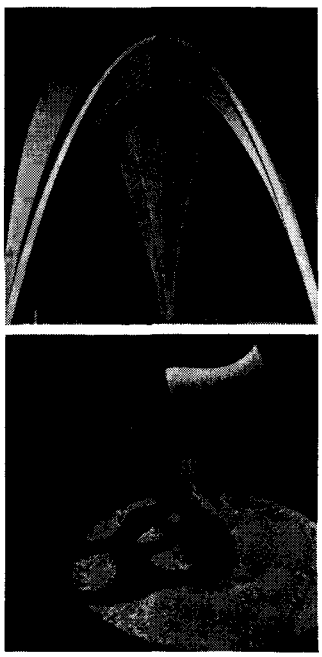

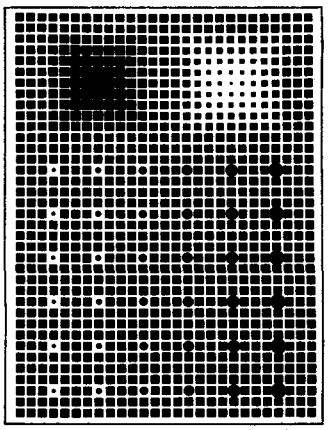

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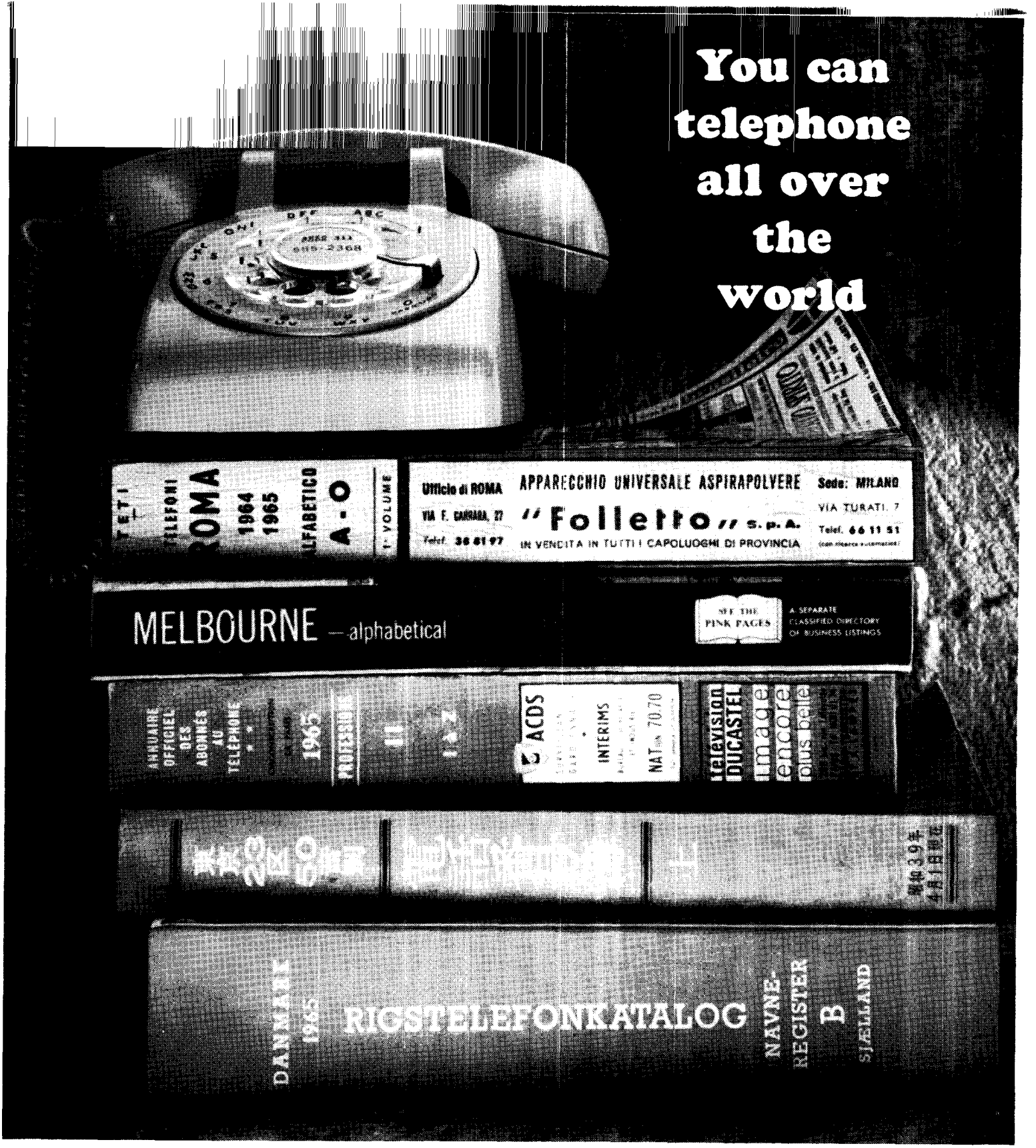

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